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The Week

THE new English Tory government with Mr. Bonar Law as its chief is obviously a makeshift contrivance. It contains very few of the able and experienced leaders in British politics; and it is not intended to do more than clear the election. The Conservatives are hoping by hook or crook to obtain a party majority in the new Parliament; but in spite of the division among their opponents, such a result is extremely unlikely. In all probability they will again be obliged to unite with some group of right-wing anti-Labor Liberals before they can depend upon a majority, and the formation of a new coalition will involve the reconstruction of the Cabinet. In the meanwhile the present government will only mark time. It lacks the authority and the ability to block out and carry on a policy of its own.

ASSUMING that no one faction will possess a majority in the new Parliament, it is not likely to be a long-lived body. It will be the outcome of a confused election for which English public opinion is ill-prepared and which can hardly produce a permanently satisfactory result. The chances are that the new coalition will not form a happy society and that its government will not occupy a strong position. It will live by expedients for a year or so and then find it necessary either to resign or to dissolve and appeal to the country. Neither in the United States, France, Germany, Russia or Great Britain will any government which the dominant parties can create be adequate to their harassing and difficult tasks. They will all blunder along, come and go rapidly and for the most part fail until the consequences of the failure are so costly and its lessons so unmistakable that public opinion will brace itself to go about the job in a sufficiently chastened and radical spirit.

AN illicit word is printed in a book. Immediately John Sumner and his kind fear for the moral purity and the mental health of the general public. Has it never occurred to Mr. Sumner that the word, to be understood at all, must somehow have already enjoyed currency, and that if words have the corrupting force he imputes to them, it is his duty to go deeper in his pursuit of them? We have not seen the literal translation of the Satyricon of Petronius which is now making Mr. Sumner so much trouble. If it is indeed a literal translation it must contain some passages that are not very nice, and some indeed that are the reverse. But that it presents scenes capable of firing a diseased imagination or of attracting the youth toward vice is simply not true. Petronius is Sunday School literature as compared with the press reports of the Hall-Mills murder case, so far as its command over the imagination is concerned. Why does not Mr. Sumner attack the press, then? Because the illicit words are suppressed, although

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the illicit meanings are adequately conveyed, and Mr. Sumner is out after words, not meanings. That is why everyone with a grain of sense regards Mr. Sumner as nothing more than a futile nuisance.

SOMERSET COUNTY, Pennsylvania, is for the moment the most important point on the industrial map of the United States. There the miners are continuing their struggle for the recognition of their union against the Berwind-White, Consolidation, and other companies. The operators are fighting with their usual tactics. They own not only the mines, but the towns, the streets, the dwellings. They have evicted twelve hundred miners; five hundred families are living in tents while half the houses are vacant. They terrorize the towns with armed guards. Three miners have been killed; others are in jail for violating injunctions. Subservient authorities are seizing the miners' goods for next year's taxes and cutting off the water supply from the tent colonies. Meanwhile a group of miners has arrived in New York to enlist public opinion by the only method open to them, picketing the offices of the Berwind-White Company. "Public opinion has no bearing on our policy in the strike," boasts Vice President Lyon of the Consolidation Coal Company. If the public acquiesces in this attitude it may as well abdicate formally in favor of its industrial tyrants.

THE financial predicament of the French government is placed in definite terms by the report of the Finance Commission. The estimated expenditures are put at 23,180,000,000 francs, and the estimated revenues at 19,285,000,000, leaving a deficit which would run near four billion francs, even if expenditures did not have the habit of outrunning the estimates, and receipts, a habit of falling short. But besides, there will be an item of 10,500,000,000 francs expenditures, for pensions and reconstruction, which is set down as "recoverable from Germany." It will not be recovered this year, at any rate. In the next year France will spend fifteen billion francs in excess of her actual receipts. The persistence of such conditions is not encouraging. France cannot keep on adding billions upon billions to her debt, without sooner or later going the way of Central Europe. It is time for her to face the facts. For once she begins to slip she will find no stopping place short of the abyss.

MR. DAUGHERTY has at last given a plausible explanation of his extraordinary behavior in the injunction proceedings against the striking shopmen. He actually believed that this commonplace industrial dispute was the first step toward a bloody revolution. That absolves him from all personal blame. But it vastly increases the burden of responsibility that President Harding must bear so long as he retains Daugherty in office. There is nothing so dangerous as the man who sees things that are not—and shoots.

SOME twenty New York teachers, all of them, by the way, members of the Teachers' Union, have not received the "certificates of character and loyalty" required under the provisions of the Lusk Law. They have been kept in this state of uncertainty from one to four months, and find themselves in the condition of suspects without means of vindication. These teachers have a right to know as soon as possible if they are or are not going to be certified, and if not, for what reasons. Several of them, who have written repeatedly to the Commissioner of Education of the State to find out what are the charges against them, have not been rewarded with even the courtesy of a reply. Two of the teachers in question served as officers with the Military Intelligence during the war. Among the others are non-conformists in politics, socialists, pacifists, but not one whom the federal authorities thought dangerous enough to charge with disloyalty in wartime, when "disloyalty"—whatever that is—was supposed to be more dangerous than it can be now. It appears that the unknown charges against these teachers, brought by persons whose names cannot be learned, are being considered in secret by anonymous committees. There is only one thing worse than so outrageous a measure as the Lusk Law, and that is a furtive and star-chamber way of administering it.

IT is very much to be hoped that the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill will be passed by the Senate. The bill passed the House some time ago by a vote of 230 to 119. In the early days of its discussion there was some doubt, even among unprejudiced people who had every desire to find some legal means of suppressing lynching, as to its constitutionality. There no longer seems to be any such doubt: witness the favorable reporting of the bill by the judiciary committees of both houses, its endorsement by the present and by two former attorneys-general, by some nineteen justices of superior and supreme courts in various states, and by the American Bar Association. There never was any other objection to the bill by fair-minded peo-

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ple, and, with this one of unconstitutionality so weakened, it certainly ought to be passed.

AMERICAN prohibitionists will be grieved over the news from Russia that the Soviet government is contemplating the restoration of the manufacture and sale of vodka. Nobody knows better than the Soviet leaders that distilled liquors work toward the degradation of the population. But the problem just now is to restore the circulation of goods between town and country. The peasant will not give up his wheat for rubles and in the dearth of capital and raw materials the towns have no manufactured goods to offer in exchange. They can manufacture vodka without drawing on foreign capital and materials and the peasant will eagerly accept it in exchange for his surplus food. The Soviet leaders have known this from the beginning. They have realized that vodka was the key to the economic cooperation of the peasant. For four years they have fought the temptation, in the hope that industry, restored by foreign capital, might offer a satisfactory substitute. American prohibitionists have not bestirred themselves to assist the Soviet leaders in making the continuance of prohibition possible, and will have no stones to throw if Russia goes wet.

LITTLE by little the political liabilities that have hung over from the war are being liquidated. Now it is Japan's venture in Siberia that is being cleared away. The Priamur government, which is associated by federation with Soviet Russia, has extended its occupation to Vladivostok, which the Japanese are evacuating, this time in good faith. At the time of the Bolshevik revolution there was much talk of Japan's ambition to annex all of Siberia east of Baikal. The only plausible defence of American participation in the Siberian expedition was that we wanted to watch Japan and forestall the looting of Russia. After the American retirement from Vladivostok the Japanese had a free hand. But a free hand does not avail against the forces of ethnology and geography. Transbaikalia is Russian by nature. If the Japanese ever thought otherwise, they have learned their lesson.

MR. HOOVER would probably never think of reading Cicero. The following quotation from Catiline, 2, VIII, might, however, interest him. "One class of these disturbers consists of those who are burdened by great debts, but who have even greater resources, which they love dearly and can not be induced to relinquish. In appearance these men are most honorable. They are rich, but their intentions and cause are utterly shameless. You are amply provided with fields, buildings, plate, servants, in short with all manner of valuables, and you hesitate to give any of them up, or pledge them in security of your debts? What are you hoping for? War? Do you imagine that in the universal destruction of war your private property will be treated as sacrosanct? Or the cancellation of debts? . . . I am going to arrange a settlement of the debt problem but through liquidation; nor is there any other way by which property owning debtors will get off." The official orator runs true to form through the ages.

Lloyd George and the Peace of Europe

THE fall of Mr. Lloyd George as Prime Minister of Great Britain is some months overdue. Its effect on the conduct of national and international affairs will on the whole be beneficial. He has for some time stood in the way of a sufficiently candid and thorough handling of the gravest problems of international politics; and unless he is at least temporarily pushed out of the way, those problems will continue to be treated insincerely, evasively and in our opinion unwisely. But the good which his fall may eventually accomplish will not accrue until Europe pays a heavy price for the way in which since 1919 Mr. Lloyd George has conducted its affairs.

Future historians will credit him with being one of the most adroit and the most prodigious opportunists in the history of democratic politics. The extraordinary part of his performance was its combination of so much versatility and pliability with so much momentum. He could move irresistibly in more directions than any other British Prime Minister. Of course, he always moved with the procession. But he flourished during a period in which the procession did not know its own mind. It resembled not an army on the march but a crowd of college students who were celebrating a football victory with a snake dance. During the war he declared for a knock-out blow at one moment and for a definition of peace terms at the next. After the Armistice he was for hanging the Kaiser and collecting the whole cost of the war in December, while in March he was writing a memorandum to prove how indispensable it was to treat Germany with forbearance and scrupulous justice. Yet in the May following he consented to a treaty of peace which he knew to be unworkable, and which

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he spent the rest of his official career in glorifying and amending. His Irish policy varied between ruthless and brutal coercion which was defended as a public necessity and wise, humane and statesmanlike conciliation. His success with Ireland encouraged him to dream dreams. He saw himself as the Christian political evangelist who would bring peace to Europe. Yet the Genoa Conference which he called for the purpose turned out to be an abject failure. He could not remake, by means of a pious conference and with the consent of his accomplices, an engine of destruction which he had forged with blood and iron and which he had consecrated in a solemn compact.

More than Wilson, more even than Clemenceau, he was the author of the Treaty of Versailles. We do not mean by this statement that he was chiefly responsible for its major provisions. That responsibility belongs more largely to the French delegation. But he was more responsible than any one else for its acceptance in its present form. He was throughout the Conference its official mediator and lubricator, his most important task of lubrication being that of gradually accommodating Mr. Wilson's mind to the necessity of waiving the Fourteen Points. He succeeded so well that, as Mr. Keynes has pointed out, he was unable at the last moment, when he himself in a moment of compunction and apprehension was in favor of consulting the Germans about their fate, to revive any interest on Mr. Wilson's part in this major premise of the Wilson war aims. In this respect the Treaty became as a consequence of his manipulation an unparalleled masterpiece of unprincipled and impracticable opportunism. At the same time it acquired through his efforts and from his point of view its one supreme virtue. It got itself signed and sealed. He persuaded himself and Mr. Wilson and Colonel House and all well-intentioned negotiators that no matter how impracticable it was or how much of a breach of faith, its signature was the easiest way out and that only by its signature could they prevent the foundations of European order from crumbling away. Thus in the name and for the benefit of public order, he and his associates wrote into public law provisions which could not be legally modified except with the consent of their beneficiaries and yet which, unless they were modified, were bound to tear Europe and the European nations to pieces.

Since June, 1919, Mr. Lloyd George has occupied himself chiefly either with the undoing of his own handiwork or with the attempt to save Europe from its consequences. The attempt to execute the economic provisions of the Treaty broke down from the start; and Mr. Lloyd George again and again stood between Germany and the avowed French desire to exact their pound of flesh. His masterpiece in this work of conciliation was the London Agreement of 1921. In this instance he once again disposed of an immediate crisis by building a legal dam behind which future crises could accumulate. He persuaded the Germans to promise to pay a reparations bill which they unanimously considered extortionate and physically impossible; and he persuaded the French to accept a promise which most of them knew to be worthless. His theory still was that, if he could only postpone a rupture and an explosion for a sufficiently long time, animosities would fade away, industry and agriculture would recover, and the European peoples would be willing to forget and forgive. But by the end of 1921 it became perfectly clear that the event was not vindicating the theory. Frenchmen and Germans were coming to hate and distrust one another more than ever before. The Italians were hating the French and the French were once again raising the cry of perfidious Albion. The European peoples had returned to work, but their labor was not bringing them hope, prosperity and confidence. They remained impoverished and distracted. Something had to be done. Encouraged by the example of the Washington Conference and his own success in Ireland, he proposed a new European conference for the purpose of restoring to Europe unity and well-being.

The calling of the Genoa Conference was an implicit confession by Mr. Lloyd George of the flagrant failure of the policy which he had pursued since the Armistice. He had, according to his own version, saved Europe in the spring of 1919 and 1921 from violence and disorder by negotiating first the Treaty and then the London Agreement. Yet only a year later Europe was as much as ever in need of saving, and salvation in 1921 really depended on the undoing of his former triumphs. He hoped at Genoa to substitute some measure of consent as the sanction of the European system for the naked force provided for by the Treaty of Versailles. He sought to reconstitute a whole Europe by bringing Germany and Russia back into its counsels and to employ the perils, distress and the utter insecurity of the Europe of today as the leverage with which to move towards the future creation of a genuine European concert. He actually assembled his conference, but he achieved nothing by it. His magic deserted him. France, the

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Little Entente and Russia were all proof against his blandishments. He found that it was much easier to negotiate agreements which wrote disorder and recrimination into the public law of Europe than to negotiate an agreement to write them out again. The handiwork of the Lloyd George of 1919 and 1920 had defeated the new Lloyd George who aspired to bring not a Peace but appeasement to Europe. He returned from Genoa a disappointed, disillusioned and a beaten man.

His defeat left Mr. Lloyd George in a dubious personal position. He had proclaimed at Genoa that unless he succeeded in reconstituting Europe as a whole, disaster would result. He did not succeed; and not having succeeded it was clearly his business, if disaster did threaten, to try and save Europe by the next best method. Assuming that his diagnosis of the critical nature of the malady and of an adequate remedy was correct, the next best method was to prepare for the future application of the remedy by explaining frankly to the public opinion of Europe how and why he failed. It is only by frankness of this kind that a leader of public opinion can arm it to overcome the obstacles to the revision of a settlement which was a part of the public law. Mr. Lloyd George did not, however, adopt this method. He was silent after his return from Genoa. He has been silent ever since; and it was this silence which first clearly exposed his personal disqualification for the office of the Peace-Maker of Europe. Sincerely as he desired to serve as the angel of peace and intelligently as he went about it, his own past as the successful negotiator of the Treaty of Versailles proved to be a fatal handicap.

It was a fatal handicap for several reasons. If he had advertised how and why he failed at Genoa, he would have been obliged to talk plainly and roughly about the attitude of the French government; and he was not in a position to do that with any decency. The French had a very genuine grievance against him. He had persuaded them against their will to accept several most important treaties and compacts. But no sooner were the agreements signed than he began to go back on the obligations to carry them out. He refused to lend English assistance to the French in any attempt to collect the security or to enforce the penalties for which the Treaty provided in the event of default. They are justified in accusing him of bad faith towards them, and in the back of his mind he must recognize the justice of the accusation. That was the chief reason why he could not give a frank accounting to public opinion for the fiasco at Genoa. He himself was a major partner in the act of bad faith whose engagements were tearing Europe to pieces. He could not criticize the French without exposing himself to a crushing retort. The ghost of his own past as the man most responsible for the Treaty of Versailles tied his hands, closed his mouth and clouded his judgment.

That is why the retirement of Lloyd George as well as the retirement of Orlando, Wilson and Clemenceau was an indispensable condition of European economic reconstruction and political appeasement. But now that he is gone, his absence will for a time be severely felt. During the past five years he has with his astounding adaptability and elasticity broken many dangerous falls and absorbed many serious shocks. The first effect of the passing of this super-mediator and opportunist is likely to be a rising tide in Europe of international misunderstanding and misbehavior. The prospect for the coming year is ominous. Almost anything in the way of disorder and reaction may happen in Central Europe; and in that event there is no telling how Poland and France may try to take advantage of it. Mr. Lloyd George as Prime Minister would not have prevented these calamities. His policy as Prime Minister is in large part responsible for them. But he might by some tour de force have softened their impact, and whether he would or not many people will trace some connection between his fall and the increasing disorder. It is none the less true that unless he had fallen there would have been no chance of applying to the European disease a sufficiently drastic remedy. He could not do it. His immediate successors will not even try to do it, any more than the successors of Wilson and Clemenceau have tried. But they will be followed ultimately by new men who will try and who may succeed. It will take statesmen of more integrity than Lloyd George and Wilson and more vision than Clemenceau to give back unity and balance to Europe.

Hoover on the Debts

ON the economics of the Allied debts Mr. Hoover has spoken with characteristic vigor. The debts are not the crushing burden that advocates of cancellation are in the habit of considering them. Three hundred and fifty millions a year from our Continental debtors would represent only a minute fraction of their total national incomes, and only from two to twelve percent of

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their actual budgets. There is not one of them that does not waste a larger percentage in military parading or other pernicious extravagance. Neither is there any financial impracticability in finding $350,000,000 in bills of exchange to be transmitted to America. In the long run there will be plenty of paper to be found, drawn against American tourist expenditures, American investments abroad and American tropical imports. Finally, the notion that we should be injured by the influx of goods in payment of the debts is a pure delusion. We can take a modest sum like that in goods that do not compete with our own productions. Mr. Hoover could have made his case even stronger if he had not been the spokesman of a high tariff administration. Even if the $350,000,000 were sent here in the form of goods competing with our own products, the volume is too insignificant to affect prices or employment appreciably. We consume at least thirty-five billions of such goods, one hundred times the assumed import. Besides, since the $350,000,000 would be gratis, it would not reduce by one dollar the purchasing power to be applied to domestic products. And it is this purchasing power which sustains prices.

Mr. Hoover has performed a valuable service for American intelligence in clearing away some of the cobwebs that have accumulated around the debt problem. But a demonstration of the abstract feasibility of debt payment does not bring us appreciably nearer to practical results. European opinion as reflected by the press is as firmly convinced as ever of the impossibility of payment. European economists do not believe that the debts will ever be paid. Nor do we see how Mr. Hoover can believe it.

For the European nations, though they may be individually sane in their policies, are collectively mad, and that collective madness stands in the way of the economic recovery which must precede debt payment. It is collective madness which has saddled upon a depleted and impoverished Europe military establishments actually larger and more costly than those under which the continent groaned in its pre-war strength. It is collective madness which makes every state adopt a menacing attitude toward its neighbor, to the disturbance of all orderly economic and social development. It is collective madness which has multiplied customs barriers and embargo lines when the obvious need of the times is the freest practicable movement of trade.

It is easy to speculate about collective interests, but not very profitable. For there is no collective Europe, but a group of intensely competitive states, each forced to look chiefly to itself for security and even existence. France spends an excessive part of her income on soldiering. How could she do otherwise? She fears Germany, and with good reason, for however broken down and friendless the Germans may be now, history is a long story, and may some day give Germany a chance to avenge on France the injuries that France, England and America inflicted on her. In the present state of world organization France is far from safe. Armed as she is at present, she is not so safe as America would be if she had not one soldier, not one ship. And does anyone here propose to save $350,000,000 a year by utterly abolishing our army and navy?

Poland menaces Russia and Russia menaces Poland. Collectively that is idiotic. But has Russia any guarantee against Polish aggression except her power to inspire a wholesome fear in the Poles? Has Poland any different guarantee of her continued independence? Czecho-Slovakia is pursuing a policy of extreme protection designed incidentally to ruin the industries of Austria, potentially a valuable customer and supporter. Why should she not, in a world where industrial power and national security go hand in hand? American industry could better do entirely without customs duties than any of the succession states in Central Europe could forego customs rates that are destructive of the collective interest. How many American industrialists, or statesmen, even, are out for absolute free trade?

Now, so long as the collective madness of Europe persists, no nation will scamp its expenditures for defence, for military railroads and highways, for industrial subsidies, in order to pay its debts to America. No nation will add to the burden under which its taxpayers are staggering for any such purpose. It is not that the nations of Europe are insensitive to the point of honor—assuming that they regard the American claims as debts of honor, which is unlikely. No political party can govern if it taxes too heavily or strips the country of national defences. Has anyone heard of a party in France or Italy, Poland or Jugoslavia or Czecho-Slovakia which is aiming at power on a platform of debt payment?

Whatever helps to restore sanity to Europe brings debt payment nearer, or what is far more important, brings Europe nearer to the point where she can take her proper place in world trade. Did Mr. Hoover's speech make any such contribution to European sanity? That has not been its im-

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mediate effect. On the contrary, the effect on the debtor states has been to strengthen the absurd belief that America has, and has had, no other interest in European welfare than self-interest. Apparently it has strengthened the French determination to proceed drastically to collect what she can from Germany. It has by no means lightened the fear in France and Italy that francs and lire may presently plunge to the abyss after the marks and kronen and rubles.

But Mr. Hoover was not primarily concerned, we surmise, with the immediate effect upon European public sentiment. As a member of the commission charged with the refunding of the Allied debts, he may be in a position to exert a considerable influence upon European policy. If the European negotiators believed that the debts had already been virtually cancelled by American popular opinion, they would be disposed both to resist any movement toward fixing definite conditions for payment and to reject forthwith any proposal for the consideration of policies conducive to peace and international prosperity. The attitude of the bankers' convention may have given our debtors a mistaken view of American leniency. It was essential to our future diplomatic action that Mr. Hoover should correct any such misapprehension.

Whether America can exert any influence upon European policy at this late date is somewhat doubtful. If she can, her best leverage consists of the debts. And it cannot be made too plain to Europe that we regard those debts as valid and binding.

Why Utility Companies Are Distrusted

URBAN memories are short, but the memories of New Yorkers are not so short as to have buried completely the 1919 propaganda for a ten cent fare on subway and elevated lines. The Subway Sun, indeed, underscored its arguments too well for instant oblivion. Then there was the weighty and authoritative report of Stone and Webster, submitted to United States District Judge Julius M. Mayer, which seemed to prove conclusively that nothing but increased fares could prevent the dissolution of the most essential part of New York's transportation system. According to the report of Stone and Webster, whom Judge Mayer described as "acknowledged experts of high standing," the subway and elevated lines in Manhattan, which had earned $8,885,000 in 1917 above all fixed charges would be unable in 1919 to earn their fixed charges, including interest on the company's $200,000,000 of outstanding bonds and notes. The experts found the management of the Interborough capable and efficient, but in consequence of the advance in costs it was no longer possible to make ends meet without an increase in fares. "It is manifest that a five cent fare falls short of providing the cost of furnishing a ride." The prospective deficits were put at $8,778,000 for 1920, $8,678,000 for 1921.

Such a report was bound to make a powerful impression on the average fair-minded citizen. Low rapid transit rates he recognized as of incalculable importance to a city of the size and configuration of New York. They afforded the one escape from intolerable congestion. But better high fares than no transportation at all, and those appeared, after the Stone and Webster report, to be the only practicable alternatives. Before the report was made public the intelligent citizen had hoped that a way out could be found in readjustment of the financial loading which had taken place in the careless years of prosperity. Stone and Webster gave no color to such hopes. Higher fares, or ruin, was their warning.

Everyone recalled, to be sure, that the company had been lavish with its dividends in prosperous times. The aggregate of dividends declared in sixteen years was 187 percent on the Interborough capital, or nearly twelve percent annually. Of course part of the earnings should have been set aside for lean years. But money misspent in the past will run no trains in the present.

The press, moreover, took for the most part the same pessimistic view, that the system of low fares had to be abandoned. The Times, which the New York middle class public is inclined to trust when there is no obvious reason for distrusting it, declared "early relief imperative" in its editorial headline, and underwrote Stone and Webster without qualification. The Tribune took the same attitude on the highest ethical grounds. The Post discoursed suavely and reasonably while sipping the ten cent hemlock; the Sun took it in one joyous gulp. The World approached the subject with the greatest caution, admitting, however, that when the water should have been squeezed out of capital ization, the city would have to see to it that the roads had revenues enough to insure service. The Hearst papers, naturally, would hear of no concessions to the companies. They were loud in their denunciation of the past sins of the companies and of their present shiftiness of method. The companies could give service, and good service, at five cents, if they would abate their zeal for public

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plunder. But most fair-minded citizens shrugged their shoulders and remarked that Hearst ran true to form, a demagogue ever.

Somehow—it does not matter now just how—the movement for higher fares failed of its object at that time. The trains continued to run, with everything as unsettled as in 1919. The Subway Sun went in for divers new propagandas. The press comments on the transportation system lost their fervor and presently ceased altogether. The fair-minded citizen forgot his resolution to pay ten cent fares—or rather, to make the city's working class pay them. And now the security owners themselves have come forward with a plan for reorganization. They are ready to guarantee a five cent fare, and make proper provision for maintaining and improving the service. How do they propose to do it? By squeezing out the water. The Interborough Holding Company, with its $114,000,000 of securities, is simply to evaporate, leaving behind it only the $35,000,000 of the I. R. T. stock it has been holding. The exorbitant Manhattan rental is to be scaled down, and dividends are to be limited so rigorously as to take the securities of the company out of the speculative market entirely. We need not dwell upon the numerous other desirable features of the proposal of the security owners. The essential point is that it discloses the real difficulty that has handicapped the rapid transit companies all along. They were hopelessly waterlogged. It was vain to expect them to float.

Now that was the case when Stone and Webster made their report. The solution proposed now would have been more than acceptable to the public then. But Stone and Webster, for all their expertness in business affairs, did not happen to think of it, or if they did, they did not disclose it. Neither did those guardians of the public interest, the Times, the Post, the Tribune, the Sun. We hate to admit it, but we can't help surmising that the companies might have succeeded in getting a ten cent fare and in making a permanent solid out of a hundred millions of water if it had not been for the stubbornness of the World and the demagoguic violence of Hylan and Hearst.

The whole series of negotiations affords an excellent example of the sort of thing that makes most good citizens distrust the public utility companies. The companies have rights that every good citizen wishes to see protected. They should have a fair return on the property and enterprise they place at the service of the public. But they are too clever by half. When they have a right to an inch they set out to get an ell. And too often they succeed. Why should they not? They can pay better for skilful accountants, engineers, lawyers, propagandists, than the public can, or will. They are pretty sure to get the best of the bargain.

Such affairs as the Interborough case raise seriously the question how long the American city can afford to supply its public services through private companies. The alleged superiority in efficiency of the private company profits the public little unless the private company acknowledges and observes some principle higher than that of clipping the public as near the hide as the present state of the art of shearing permits. One looks in vain for any such higher principle in the 1919 designs and propaganda of the Interborough Company.

Methodism vs. Intellectual Honesty

THE Methodist conference of the state of Nebraska has recently acted in a way which throws such a flood of light upon the moral and intellectual standards of its members that its behavior becomes of national interest. What it did was to place on the retired list the Reverend J. D. M. Buckner of Aurora in that state.* The retired clergyman had served as a minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church for almost forty years, but he was not deprived of a church on account of age or infirmity. On the contrary he is still a robust and vigorous man who during his long and honorable career had never played his part in the community with more distinction and success than he was doing at the time of his retirement. He had during his pastorate of eleven years in Aurora increased the income and the membership of his church, broadened its area of usefulness and had won the affection and the respect of his fellow citizens. His congregation warmly desired him to continue his ministry and protested vigorously against his retirement. Why then was he retired?

Because Bishop Stuntz and the other members of the Methodist conference of Nebraska objected to his opinions. He belonged to what is known as the "new school" which rejects the verbal inspiration of the Bible. For twenty years he had openly advocated these views. In May of the present year he wrote an article entitled A Good God, in which he declared that when he read anything in the Bible incompatible with the goodness of God (such as for instance that God killed all the people in the world except eight with a flood) he did not

* A pamphlet telling the story of Mr. Buckner's retirement may be obtained by applying to Mr. C. V. Howard, 31 Nassau Street, New York City.

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believe it. The article was published in a number of daily papers in different parts of the state; and about the middle of June Mr. Buckner received a letter from Bishop Homer C. Stuntz in which the latter described himself as "annoyed and shocked" by the article and in which he predicted that "it is certain" to make "your appointment more difficult this next fall."

In the fall his regular period of service with his church in Aurora came to an end. The members of his congregation wished him to continue. He himself was undecided, but was rather inclined to move on. Under the administration of the Methodist Church the presiding bishop possesses autocratic power over appointments, although in practice he usually respects the strong preference of a congregation. On September 3rd, the last Sunday before the annual conference of Methodist ministers at Omaha, he preached his farewell sermon, a synopsis of which was published in the Lincoln and Omaha papers without his knowledge but with his approval. In this sermon he emphatically reasserted his belief in "new school" Methodism and in the obligation of Christian clergymen to be intellectually honest with their congregations.

On the night of the day that a brief report of his sermon appeared in the Omaha papers, he was called before Bishop Stuntz and his superintendents. According to Mr. Buckner's account of what followed they denounced his sermon as an open defiance, declared that he was doing great harm to the Methodist Church and urged him to withdraw on the ground that he was no longer really a Methodist. He replied that his views were not "out of harmony with the Methodist Church" and that if anyone thought they were he "was entitled to a trial." The Bishop answered in substance: "Heaven knows, we don't want a heresy trial. The papers and magazines would give great publicity to it and it would be much easier for Brother Buckner simply to retire voluntarily as he can do at his age." Mr. Buckner refused to retire. The next morning the secretary of the cabinet read to the conference a resolution that Mr. Buckner's name be referred to the committee on conference relations for retirement. He appeared before this committee twice and was closely questioned with respect to his views about the Bible and theology. At no time was any mention made of any of the ordinary reasons for retirement such as age or ill-health. Most of the committee urged him to resign voluntarily so as to save his reputation, but he refused. On September 9th the committee reported and recommended his retirement. The report was adopted unanimously and practically without discussion.

"As I write," says Mr. Buckner, "just two weeks since I was retired, I have tried to keep my head straight and my heart right. There are some things which paragraph themselves on my mind. First: the least important and the one which I have tried to rise above is the sense of humiliation that after nearly forty years of service I was retired in vigorous health, against my will and in the face of a telegraphic request from a congregation which I had served for eleven years that I be returned to them. The request of the rank and file as well as my demand for a trial with opportunity to defend myself were of no avail against the quiet domination of the church officials who conceived and executed the plan for my elimination without charges, defence, judge, jury or counsel, all of which are provided for in our church. . . . Second: Far harder to bear is the suffering of my wife who for forty years has worked unceasingly by my side. . . . Third: Serious social and religious consequences flow from such intimidation and terrorism. . . . The action of the conference is a notice served on its members that no difference of views will be tolerated. As Dr. Titus Lowe, a high official of our Church, said to the assembled ministers: 'If you have doubts, keep them to yourself.' Intolerance inside the church is today the worst foe of the church. It prevents the church from attacking modern problems with modern tools."

The Reverend Mr. Buckner tells a convincing and an extremely important story. If, as we believe, he also tells a true story, the action of the Methodist bishop and conference of Nebraska in retiring him is fairly and even moderately characterized by the word despicable. It is not despicable because Bishop Stuntz and his cabinet considered Mr. Buckner's opinions about the Bible sufficiently un-Methodistical to justify exclusion from the church. Their behavior is despicable, because, although they believed him to be a heretic from the point of view of orthodox Methodism and although they considered it necessary to discipline him for his heresy, they refused to raise the question frankly and publicly and give him a run for his money. They wished to win credit for getting rid of him from their own one hundred percent Methodists, without explicitly assuming responsibility for their motives and behavior. They did not dare to face the consequences which a public admission of their veritable intention would bring down upon them.

In his defence Mr. Buckner asserts that intolerance inside of the Christian churches is the worst enemy of Christianity today. We do not agree with him. The worst enemy of Protestant Christianity at the present time is not lack of toleration:

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it is lack of vital conviction. Bishop Stuntz and his associates are not honest fanatics. If they had been they would have rejoiced in the opportunity of declaring by competent authority that a minister who rejected the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures was not a Methodist and of discharging him from any participation in their special brand of salvation. They are cowardly ecclesiastical politicians who are thinking primarily of the unity of the Methodist church and who are perfectly willing to preserve its unity at the expense of its integrity. They have humiliated and deprived of his chosen work a worthy man and a most useful Christian minister not because he cherished possibly un-Methodistical opinions, but because he conspicuously published them. They are afraid of the frank and thorough-going discussion of the fundamental truths of Protestant Christianity or of Methodism.

In this respect they do not stand alone. Their responsibility for the humiliation of the Reverend Mr. Buckner is personal, but their cowardice is not. All the more powerful Protestant Christian sects shirk in one way or another the same issue. They are all, that is, sacrificing the positive assertion of religious conviction to the perpetuation of their churches as organizations; and their churches tend consequently to become political rather than religious societies. They are held together by traditional association, by a merely institutional will to live, by expediency and by a fear of the consequences of secession rather than any vital unity of conviction. Doubtless it is preferable to have them held together by expediency and by the toleration of contradictory convictions rather than by coercion or persecution; but as long as the bond which unites the membership of the Church is political or even ethical rather than essentially religious, it is futile to ask Christianity to come to the rescue of a distracted and impoverished secular civilization.

It is the function of religion to disclose truth as well as to enlighten life. It cannot enlighten life unless it does disclose truth. But little by little the Christian churches have come to act as if they were only partly convinced of the truth of their own faith. Historical scholarship and scientific naturalism have undermined the interpretations of a Christian truth which prevailed at the time when the existing churches came into existence. Millions of Christians have accepted the results of scientific research and have abandoned more or less of the old interpretations. Other millions have shut their eyes or turned them away. They have preached not to convince the pagans but to silence by repetition their own doubts. All the Christian sects harbor men and women who cherish mutually exclusive views about the function of the church, the inspiration of the Bible, the nature of Jesus Christ and the significance of His birth, life and death, and of the kind of reality which men should attach to the words immortality and God. These differences of opinion are so radical and so general that they render Christianity meaningless to Christians as a formulation of truth. In the minds of many excellent Christians it is ceasing to formulate truth. They are beginning to declare that any interpretation will serve provided good Christians embody Christian ethics in conduct. They expect to reunite and to revitalize the Christian Church by ignoring and by disparaging these differences of conviction.

They will not succeed. The interpretation of Christianity as a way of life rather than a vision of the truth is an interpretation like another. It will have to vindicate itself against conflicting interpretations as a truth as well as a life. But it will never vindicate itself as a truth by ignoring fundamental differences. The Christian churches must begin their own regeneration by exposing their differences, by acting as if they were true, by fighting them out and ultimately by seeking some common test of their comparative validity. Until they purge themselves by a conflict of this kind of their accumulated intellectual rubbish, the Christian clergy will continue to face the unpleasant choice of being fanatics, of being politicians like Bishop Stuntz, or of making Christian truth in practice equivalent to a tepid scepticism which deprives it of any creative power in human life.

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EDITORS
HERBERT CROLY — ROBERT MORSS LOVETT
ALVIN JOHNSON — STARK YOUNG
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CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
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The G. O. P.'s Lost Compass

THERE came to the Senate some time ago a Republican who had made a very swift and distinct success in business and later in politics by the use of the semi-scientific method of searching analysis and intensive organization. As might be suspected, he is what is called a practical man. He is one of the kind of thinking Republicans who grieved, in a way, over Woodrow Wilson, that such will and resource should have been devoted to fruitless "idealism" and "crusading."

When Warren G. Harding was elected in November, 1920, this new Republican Senator gave grateful thanks for his country and exultant thanks for himself. There was to be another and long McKinley period, with the government—in the control of purposeful, courageous, practical men—keeping step with business, and business spreading prosperity everywhere in the land. For himself, he exulted because he was to have a sizable place in that governmental machine. He would have joy in participating in a workmanlike job, and he would really serve his country. About eight months ago, just when there was a clamorous demand that Mr. Harding assume the leadership of the Republicans in Congress, an old friend of that Senator called on him, and found him in a very emotional state of mind. The following is a cross section of what he had to say, leaving out a liberal seasoning of "cuss" words:

"We are creating an office to handle an enormous enterprise. (He named it.) If I were not in the Senate I could get it by lifting my finger. I could take it, and in four or six or eight years make myself appreciated throughout the country as one who had contributed to the public welfare. You know me, and you know I could do that work. And I could get a lot of satisfaction in the job itself. But I can't leave the Senate. And what am I doing here? Running errands for my constituents. That's all. Our party in Congress has no organization and no purpose. When we go to bed, we don't know whether in the morning we shall be running on track three or track seven, or whether the switch down the road will be set to send us into a siding, a clear run or a collision. And I've got to stick at it and let a chance to do constructive work slide by."

The case of this Republican Senator, whose name obviously cannot be given, illumines the mental state, I believe, of virtually every Republican member of Congress who has been in Washington with some worthier motive than to hold office or play partisan politics. They are the most disappointed and thwarted lot of men, consciously so, in the country. And in nearly every case it is due to a single, fundamental fact that none foresaw on March 4, 1921, and for which none was prepared—namely, that for the first time in its history the Republican party has no party philosophy, does not know its own mind. In Taft's administration it knew its own mind, and what it wanted to do. There was a difference between the party proper and its dominant men in Washington, but there was no lack of conscious purpose. It knew what it wanted to do in Roosevelt's time, although it was not unanimous. It knew what it wanted to do in McKinley's time, and before McKinley.

Broadly stated, the object of the parties is to serve the prosperity and security of the country, and broadly stated there is a sincere will to do that—if not because the party leaders are men of good intent, then because they are men who have learned that such is the way of good party business, good party management. It was the asset and the pride of the Republican party for more than half a century that with that object before it, it knew how to take the road, it could make up its mind and it could execute the decision. It was purposeful, self-reliant, confident, sure-footed. It gloried in the fact that, damn it as the country might on occasion, the country looked upon it as the party of deeds, of accomplishment.

Those Republicans in Congress now who possess the least capacity for objective reflection know that the old asset and the old pride have departed. And to the fact that they do not know certainly that the asset and pride ever will return is due their demoralization—much more than the immediate effects of the blundering of the last eighteen months. If they were sure that the Republican party had pulled itself together, as it were, and had assembled and given definite direction to its energies, they would not fear greatly the consequences of the last eighteen months. They would reason that with the handicap they still would be able easily to outstrip the Democratic party in the long race. For they are not afraid of the Democratic party as such today. They know there has been no affirmative power of dangerous proportions in the Democratic party in years other than Wilson, and whatever his influence in the future, he can never be again the force at once coordinative and dynamic that he was between 1912 and the day in 1919 when he was stricken. And they sense, if

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they do not fully understand, the truth that the Democratic party is never affirmatively dangerous except when it has a towering, overmastering leader. Its epic periods have been the periods of Jefferson, Jackson and Wilson, whereas the Republican party created the tradition of deeds and accomplishment between Lincoln and Roosevelt, when it developed many powerful men, but no towering, wholly dominant figure.

The cause of this difference in the parties lies not far beneath the surface, and need not be gone into now. It is sufficient now to say that the Republicans know the effect of the difference, and they do not fear the Democratic party today as a positive rival. With Wilson thrust into the background by fate, and with no other such leader for Democracy in sight, they are not disturbed by that party's resting on its own merits, when it is a sort of average of the sheer partisanship of Pat Harrison, the obstructiveness and the destructiveness, however brilliant, of Reed, the unimaginative political drudgery of Simmons—all linked with a titular leadership vested in the honestly conservative Underwood, and constantly kicked all over the Democratic lot.

There is a story current in Washington which may or may not be true, and it does not matter whether it is or not, for the mere circulation of it faithfully reveals the attitude of the intelligent Republicans at the Capitol toward their own party with respect to the rivalry of the Democratic party. The acute, rather brilliant, rather cynical, wholly sophisticated Senator Moses, of New Hampshire, is supposed to have gone to Senator Borah, urging him to take the stump for the Republicans in the Maine election. "Well, George," the straight-thinking Borah is said to have asked, "what shall I talk about in praise of our party?" "Oh, the devil, Bill!" replied Moses. "Don't you know there is but one issue in this campaign, and that is that the Democrats are worse than we are?"

Of course it is no slight thing to these gentlemen that the Democratic party, whatever its insignificance on its merits as a rival, may be swept into control of the House and into a more formidable position in the Senate. But what they really dread most is the possibility that they will be forced to the realization that their present befuddlement and bafflement, as they confront their responsibilities, is not merely temporary. What those capable of genuine party introspection most fear is that their work in the Wilson administration, devoted increasingly year by year to fierce criticism and negation, coupled with the chaos of the times, has unloosed forces within the party that lower its capacity for painful discipline and the concentration of energy and resource that must precede constructive achievement.

They look in amazement at their unparalleled vacillation in dealing with the tariff, and their final "God help us!" slump into a bill setting up such an impregnable wall against imports that nearly all of those to whom they had been accustomed to turn for advice and defence threw up their hands aghast. They consider in equal amazement their own statements that the long heralded revision of the internal revenue laws, completed after many tentative approaches and withdrawals as though it were a hot poker and they were schoolboys, was merely a temporary job, and they ruminate blinkingly upon what the permanent revision will be. They wonder at the irresolution of many months in dealing with the soldiers' bonus, and they ponder wearily and feebly the merchant marine problem, and incline to toss a coin to decide the question on the Harding-Lasker pet, the Ship Subsidy Bill. They behold with a sickening sensation the power of the blocs, power which they think ought to be exercised by their leaders and organization. And, remembering that their political progenitors had a different way, they go off—the thinking ones—and ask themselves what it all means.

When they turn their eyes on their own ranks, their doubts and forebodings increase. Their gaze lingers sadly on old Mr. Fordney, whom they love and laugh at. They recall the amusing stories that filled Washington when he was floundering with the tariff and revenue bills, particularly the story of the White House session on the revenue bill, when their political will to reduce the total of taxes prevailed over the warnings of Secretary Mellon that a deficit inevitably would result. In that session, when certain reductions in expenses were arbitrarily declared, and when certain payments were deferred, thereby adding heavily to the deficit that keeps the administration awake at nights, Mr. Fordney began reeling off figures. The President, himself no wizard at figures, stopped him and, in the patient voice sometimes heard late at night on the road when a party of amateurs are trying to make an engine run, said: "Wait a minute, Joe. Let's get it straight as we go along."

They see Mr. Fordney leaving them, and a new Republican chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, if they carry the fall elections, and they remember that next in line is Green, of Iowa. They see the formal, futile Mondell surrendering the floor leadership to run for the Senate, and, turning to "Nick" Longworth as a possible successor, they ask how "Nick" qualifies with other than a bank cashier kind of ability for orderly work, and how

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he compares with leaders like, say, Cannon, of the days when the Republican party knew its own mind, knew what it wanted to do and knew that it could do it. When they turn to the Senate they see the super-accountant Smoot moving to the chair of Penrose, and Lodge asking little more than that he may end his career in dignity. And when they think of new leadership and of the possible formulation of a new party purpose, of the making of the party mind in a new way, they see Borah with the brains, but temperamentally unfit, while the best bet, Johnson, of California—because he not only has brains and courage, but gift and liking for the practicalities of party organizations—wastes himself in disappointment and anger.

There is the immediate future, and the possibility that the fall elections will contribute to the party at large in an impressive way men of definite political philosophy like Beveridge, of Indiana, Miller, of New York, and Pinchot, of Pennsylvania; but they also see La Follette coming back with his 200,000 primary majority and his probably larger general election majority; and perhaps Brookhart and perhaps Frazier, and others of that school, and they ask themselves can a party philosophy, a party purpose and a party organization be created by these far apart men.

They do not know. The stupidest of them and the brightest of them do not know. All they know is that they must do with the Republican party, whether it finds its own mind and its own way or not. They do not expect their condition to develop a new party, even should it become worse instead of better. When men go to Borah, probably the most intelligently and sincerely concerned about his party of all Republicans, and talk to him about a new party and about him as the new party's leader, the result is one of the very few hearty laughs in Borah's system. No new party; they must await the verdict of the gods and the will of the gods on them as they are.

JOHN W. OWENS.

The Fascisti and the Class Struggle

THE development of the Fascista movement in Italy offers new surprises every day. It is hard to find, in the whole history of political parties, a party which shows so many new aspects in such a brief space of time. This may be due to the fact that Fascismo is still in its period of growth. Growing children are always delighting their parents with one revelation after another. Later on they are not always so fascinating! In recent months, Fascismo has taken on a distinctly syndicalistic character. It has become a "popular," a "proletarian" movement between January and September of this year, coming forward as the third and most important of the proletarian parties.

At the present writing (October 1st) 800,000 wage earners are members of Fascista unions. This makes the National Fascista party almost equal, in numerical strength, to the Catholic group, and much more powerful than the Socialists and Communists combined. In the proletarian field last year, the Fascisti were an aggressive minority. Today they are a majority party.

The membership of the Fascista syndicates comprises peasants, industrial workers and office employees of all grades. Its rapid expansion has been brought about by the "expeditious tactics" for which the Fascisti are famous. The first Fascista unions were doubtless the result of persuasion and political campaigning of the ordinary kind. But a great majority of the newer converts have joined the Fascista colors either through direct pressure and violence, or through the appeal that success always exerts on the masses. Today many workingmen are joining the Fasci and the Fascista unions simply because these seem to be the strongest in sight and to promise greater immediate advantages.

A sample of the methods by which Socialist or Communist Leagues have been moved to go over en bloc to the Fascisti has been described to me by a friend living in Ferrara. The president of a League, who is a farm worker of course, is singled out. When he makes his regular trip to market on Thursday or Friday, he is unfailingly beaten up by a crowd of Fascisti. In addition to the bodily harm done him and to the loss of his produce, he is prevented from transacting any business whatever in town. After this has been going on for a month, the man is in desperate straits and does not know which way to turn.

Then suddenly he receives a visit from a deputation of Fascisti: "See here, Tony, we're not trying to prevent a poor man from making a living. If you want to sell your stuff on the market, all

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you have to do is join us. Just tear up that red rag of yours and put on a Fascista button. Everybody is doing it. You had better come and get on the bandwagon. Once you're on our side no one will touch you. Don't worry about the question of wages or prices—we are looking after your interests, and everything will be all right." Naturally since this world is not populated entirely by heroes and martyrs, the League president takes up the question with his comrades, and the League goes over to the Fascisti the next day. In other cases whole districts are terrified by armed raids, truck loads of Fascisti descending upon villages, shooting to right and left, and burning or dismantling the houses of recalcitrant Communists. The district at once joins the Fascisti in exchange for guarantees of immunity from such raids.

The general strike in August, followed by the Fascista counter-offensive, will probably be reckoned as the Sedan of Italian Socialism, a disaster from which it will never rise again, at least in the form in which we have hitherto known it. After that defeat the so-called Socialist masses have been stampeding to the Fascisti just to be on the winning side. The Fascista leaders know this perfectly well and are publicly discussing the situation. They are talking of ways and means for sifting the sheep from the goats among these converts who have seen the light at the eleventh hour.

But the astonishing spread of the Fascista party is not what most engages Italian interest at this moment. More important is the question as to the attitude the Fascista syndicates will adopt relative to the class struggle. What will these syndicates—these proletarian Leagues with Fascista buttons—do, the moment wage-cuts, increased hours of labor and the apportionment of jobs, are involved? Will they be disposed to accept the program of the employers, who would be only too happy to support "good" labor unions which accept reductions in wages, and longer hours of work, without protest? Or will the proletarian leagues carry on, under Fascista colors, the same battles they were fighting as Socialists? Will Fascismo, in other words, become a Nationalistic Socialism, or an instrument in the hands of capital?

These are the great questions facing syndicalistic Fascismo, and the questions with which public opinion is deeply concerned. A number of curious facts are known at the outset; and they are giving good cause for thought to those who have been financing the Fascista movement. (The seizure of the port of Genoa alone cost the shipping and ship building companies a million and a half of lire in three days.) These facts seem to indicate that the Fascista unions, to hold their influence and popularity with the masses, must not only make the same demands that the Socialists made, but uphold them with measures more violent than those of the Communists. I may cite one or two characteristic episodes. At Certaldo in Tuscany—the village where Boccaccio was born—the Fascisti seized the so-called Del Monte estate (owned by the Arrigoni family) on the pretext that unused lands must be brought under cultivation. The proprietors were obliged to give work to unemployed members of the Fascista unions. Then the Fascio of Certaldo published a proclamation threatening all landowners who had "lands to cultivate, vineyards or olive orchards to plant" to "make haste in doing so, under penalty of the military occupation of their properties." The same proclamation gave notice that a regular truck service had been established for provisioning the "troops" occupying the Del Monte estate. The Arrigonis capitulated at once, undertaking to work all their lands, whether profitable or not; to give employment to twenty-five extra farm hands; and to "compensate the National Fascista party for all the expenses of the occupation." Now the Socialists and Communists have seized factories in their time; but it never occurred to them to ask the proprietors to pay the expenses of the seizure!

This is not an isolated case. Any number of others might be cited. The Solco (Furrow), an agricultural newspaper of Siena, and an organ of the land-owners, is publishing editorials against the pressure the Fasci are exerting upon proprietors in that region for the employment of unneeded labor, and against threats to occupy various estates. This journal observes that "it was possible to convince even the Socialist deputy that work could not be given to unemployed farmhands when there was no work to do; but this is something the Fascisti have not been able to see." As for hours of labor, I may refer to a characteristic speech in a meeting of the National Union of Steel Workers (Fascista) of Turin, where the machinist Girando protested that some shops had raised the work-day from eight to nine hours, thus increasing unemployment.

It has not been possible to keep the promise of "free labor" with which the Fascisti attacked the "red" organizations on the ground that these were monopolizing opportunities to work and preventing the unemployed from earning a living. When the Fascisti victoriously seized the port of Genoa, private capital was joyously ready to return at once to the "open shop," where there would be no disturbing labor organizations and the employer would be free to choose the help he wanted from

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an unorganized mass of workers. But when the engineers and superintendents of the various plants were consulted they objected strenuously; labor organization remained, at the end, much as it had been in the long years of labor war waged by the Socialists: cooperative unions with closed memberships, and shifts of employment to provide work for all those enrolled. The only modification of any consequence was the creation of new Fascista cooperatives which will compete henceforth with the "red" organizations.

At Perugia, in Umbria, the Fascisti have just occupied a factory that was not paying wages on time; at Andria, in Apulia, they have successfully imposed the employment of men out of work; at Gottolengo, in Lombardy, their squadrons of riders called the "Black Shirts" compelled employers to cancel wage reductions which had been announced. The long list of such facts would seem to indicate that Fascismo cannot hold favor with the masses and do anything different from what the Socialists have been doing in the past. Pressure from the proletariat is just as great whether it be manifested under the Fascista tricolor or under the red flag of Socialism and Communism. Such, for that matter, was the earlier experience of the Catholics, who in forming unions to compete with the "reds" found themselves obliged to treat employers and owners just as harshly as the Socialists had been treating them.

Parallel with their syndicates and unions, the Fascisti are founding cooperatives of consumption and production, in this also imitating past Socialist and Catholic policies. These new ventures are still in their formative period, but they seem to present the defects their predecessors and competitors showed. The principal one of these is the obtaining of favors from the state by intrigues engineered in Parliament. Young as they are, the Fascista cooperatives have one scandal already to their credit. The distribution of unused war supplies to the various associations of ex-soldiers according to numbers of members was provided for by law. Mr. Lanfranconi, a Fascista deputy, found a way to turn a value of sixteen million lire from these supplies into the Fascista cooperatives.

Many people of means have donated huge sums to the cause of the Fascisti, and many others have favored the movement in the disinterested hope that this party might be the one to carry through the long awaited "regeneration of Italy." Recent events have been giving both these classes of people good grounds for doubt. If the new régime is so very like the old, why go to all the trouble of making a change?

GIUSEPPE PREZZOLINI.

On Being Black

I GO to an optician and ask for a pair of goggles. My eyes are getting bad and my wife insists upon my getting them. For a long time I have hesitated to do so. I hated to be literary—that is, to look literary. It is a fad, I believe. On an afterthought I am convinced she is right; I need them. My eyes are paining me. Moreover, the lights in the subway are blindingly dark, and head swirling. Again, the glitter of spring sends needles through my skull. I need the things badly. I decide to go to the optician's. I go. It is a Jewish place. Elderly is the salesman. I put my cards on the table. . . . "Fine day, isn't it?" He rubs and twists his pigmy fingers and ambles back to the rear. A moment later he returns. With him is a tray of jewelry—lenses and gold rings, diamonds and silver frames. Fine, dainty, effeminate things.

"Here is a nice one," chirps the old gentleman in a sing-song tone, as he tries to fit it on to my nose. "Just the right kind of goggles to keep the dust from going into your eyes. Only the other day I sold—"

At first I feel as if it is one of these confounded new fangled things. Overnight they come, these new styles. Ideas! Here, I whisper to myself, is a new one on me. But I look again. It has a perforated bit of tin on either side of it, like the black star-eyed guard on a horse's blinker.

"Oh, I can show you others, if you don't like that one. Want one with a bigger dust piece? I have others back here. Don't be afraid, I'll fix you up. All the colored chauffeurs on Cumberland Street buy their glasses here."

"But I am not a chauffeur," I reply softly. Were it a Negro store, I might have said it with a great deal of emphasis, of vehemence. But being what it is, and knowing that the moment I raise my voice I am accused of "uppishness," I take pains—oh such pains, to be discreet. I wanted to bellow into his ears, "Don't think every Negro you see is a chauffeur." But the man is overwhelmingly amused. His snow-white head is bent—bent over the tray of precious gold, and I can see his face wrinkle in an atrociously cynical smile. But I cannot stand it—that smile. I walk out.

II.

I am a stenographer. I am in need of a job. I try the employment agencies. I battle with anaemic youngsters and giggling flappers. I am at the tail end of a long line—only to be told the job is already filled. I am ignorantly optimistic. America is a big place; I feel it is only a question of time and perseverance. Encouraged, I go into the tall office buildings on Lower Broadway. I try

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everyone of them. Not a firm is missed. I walk in and offer my services. I am black, foreign-looking and a curio. My name is taken. I shall be sent for, certainly, in case of need. "Oh, don't mention it, sir. . . . Glad you came in. . . . Good morning." I am smiled out. I never hear from them again.

Eventually I am told that that is not the way it is done here. What typewriter do I use? Oh, ——. Well, go to the firm that makes them. It maintains an employment bureau, for the benefit of users of its machine. There is no discrimination there; go and see them. Before I go I write stating my experience and so forth. Are there any vacancies? In reply I get a flattering letter asking me to call. I do so.

The place is crowded. A sea of feminine faces disarms me. But I am no longer sensitive. I've got over that—long since. I grind my teeth and confidently take my seat with the mob. At the desk the clerks are busy telephoning and making out cards. I am sure they do not see me. I am just one of the crowd. One by one the girls, and men, too, are sent out after jobs. It has been raining and the air is frowsy. The Jewish girls are sweating in their war-paint. At last they get around to me. It is my turn.

I am sitting away down at the front. In order to get to me the lady is obliged to do a lot of detouring. At first I thought she was about to go out, to go past me. But I am mistaken. She takes a seat right in front of me, a smile on her wrinkled old-maidish face. I am sure she is the head of the department. It is a situation that requires a strong diplomatic hand. She does not send one of the girls. She comes herself. She is from Ohio, I can see that. She tries to make me feel at home by smiling broadly in my face.

"Are you Mr. ——?"

"Yes."

"That's nice. Now how much experience you say you've had?"

She is about to write.

"I stated all that in the letter, I think. I've had five years. I worked for—"

"Oh yes, I have it right here. Used to be secretary to Dr. ——. Then you worked for an export house, and a soap manufacturer. Also as a shorthand reporter on a South American paper. That is interesting; quite an experience for a young man, isn't it?"

I murmur unintelligibly.

"Well," continues the lady, "we haven't anything at present—"

"But I thought you said in your letter that there is a job vacant. I've got it here in my pocket. I hope I haven't left it at home—"

"That won't suit you. You see it—it—is a post that requires banking experience. One of the biggest banks in the city. Secretary to the vice-president. Ah, by the way; come to think of it, you're just the man for it. You know Mr. —— of Lenox Avenue? You do! I think the number is—— Yes, here it is. Also one of his cards. Well, if I were you I would go and see him. Good day."

Dusk is on the horizon. I am once more on Broadway. I am not going to see the man on Lenox Avenue. It won't do any good. The man she is sending me to is a pupil of mine!

III.

My wife's health is not very good and I think of sending her to the tropics. I write to the steamship company and in reply I receive a sheaf of booklets telling me all about the blueness of the Caribbean, the beauty of Montega Bay, and the fine a la carte service at the Myrtle Bank Hotel. I am intrigued—I think that is the word—by a three months' cruise at a special rate of $150.00. I telephone the company in an effort to get some information as to sailing dates, reservations, and so forth.

"I understand," I say to the young man who answers the telephone, "I understand that you have a ship sailing on the tenth. I would like to reserve a berth at the $150.00 you are at present offering."

"White or colored?"

"Colored."

Evidently the clerk is consulting someone. But his hand is over the mouthpiece and I can not hear what he is saying. Presently—

"Better come in the office and make reservations."

"What time do you close?"

"Five o'clock."

"What time is it now, please?"

"Ten to."

"Good," I hurry, "I am at Park Place now. Do you think if I hop on a Broadway trolley I can make it before five?"

"I don't know," unconcernedly.

I am at the booking desk. It is three minutes to five. The clerks, tall, lean, light-haired youths, are ready to go home. As I enter a dozen pairs of eyes are fastened upon me. Murmuring. Only a nigger. Again the wheels of life grind on. Lots are cast—I am not speaking metaphorically. The joke is on the Latin. Down in Panama he is a government clerk. Over in Caracas, a tinterillo, and in Mexico, a scientifico. I know the type. Coming to New York, he shuns the society of Spanish-Americans. On the subway at night he reads the

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New York Journal instead of La Prensa. And on wintry evenings, you can always find him around Seventy-second Street and Broadway. The lad before me is dark, has crystal brown eyes, and straight black hair.

"I would like," I begin, "to reserve a passage for my wife on one of your steamers to Kingston. I want to get it at the $150.00 rate."

"Well, it is this way." I am positive he is from Guayaquil. "It will cost you $178.00."

"Why $178.00?"

"You see, the passage alone is $170.00—"

"A hundred and seventy dollars! Why, this booklet here says $150.00 round trip. You must have made a mistake."

"You see, this $150.00 rate is for three in a room, and all the rooms on the ship sailing on the tenth are already taken up."

"All right," I decide, "the date is inconsequential. What I want is the $150.00 rate. Reserve a berth for me on any ship that is not already filled up. I don't care how late in the summer it is. I have brought a deposit along with me—"

I am not truculent. Everything I say I strive to say softly, unoffensively—especially when in the midst of a color-ordeal!

"Well, you'd have to get two persons to go with her." The Peruvian is independent. "There are only three berths in a stateroom, and if your wife wants to take advantage of the $150.00 rate, she will have to get two other colored persons to go with her."

"I s-e-e!" I mutter dreamily. And I did see!

"Come in tomorrow and pay a deposit on it, if you want to. It is five o'clock and—"

I am out on the street again. From across the Hudson a gurgling wind brings dust to my nostrils. I am limp, static, emotionless. There is only one line to Jamaica, and I am going to send her by it. It is the only thing to do. Tomorrow I am going back, with the $178.00. It pays to be black.

ERIC D. WALROND.

The Mystery of the "A" Men

II.

BECAUSE the results are expressed in numbers, it is easy to make the mistake of thinking that the intelligence test is a measure like a foot rule or a pair of scales. It is, of course, a quite different sort of measure. For length and weight are qualities which men have learned how to isolate no matter whether they are found in an army of soldiers, a heap of bricks, or a collection of chlorine molecules. Provided the footrule and the scales agree with the arbitrarily accepted standard foot and standard pound in the Bureau of Standards at Washington they can be used with confidence. But "intelligence" is not an abstraction like length and weight; it is an exceedingly complicated notion which nobody has as yet succeeded in defining.

When we measure the weight of a schoolchild we mean a very definite thing. We mean that if you put the child on one side of an evenly balanced scale, you will have to put a certain number of standard pounds in the other scale in order to cancel the pull of the child's body towards the centre of the earth. But when you come to measure intelligence you have nothing like this to guide you. You know in a general way that intelligence is the capacity to deal successfully with the problems that confront human beings, but if you try to say what those problems are, or what you mean by "dealing" with them, or by "success," you will soon lose yourself in a fog of controversy. This fundamental difficulty confronts the intelligence tester at all times. The way in which he deals with it is the most important thing to understand about the intelligence test, for otherwise you are certain to misinterpret the results.

The intelligence tester starts with no clear idea of what intelligence means. He then proceeds by drawing upon his common sense and experience to imagine the different kinds of problems men face which might in a general way be said to call for the exercise of intelligence. But these problems are much too complicated and too vague to be reproduced in the classroom. The intelligence tester cannot confront each child with the thousand and one situations arising in a home, a workshop, a farm, an office or in politics, that call for the exercise of those capacities which in a summary fashion we call intelligence. He proceeds, therefore, to guess at the more abstract mental abilities which come into play again and again. By this rough process the intelligence tester gradually makes up his mind that situations in real life call for memory, definition, ingenuity and so on.

He then invents puzzles which can be employed

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quickly and with little apparatus, that will according to his best guess test memory, ingenuity, definition and the rest. He gives these puzzles to a mixed group of children and sees how children of different ages answer them. Whenever he finds a puzzle that, say, sixty percent of twelve year old children can do, and twenty percent of the eleven year olds, he adopts that test for the twelve year olds. By a great deal of fitting he gradually works out a series of problems for each age group which sixty percent of his children can pass, twenty percent cannot pass and, say, twenty percent of the children one year younger can also pass. By this method he has arrived under the Stanford-Binet system at a conclusion of this sort: Sixty percent of children twelve years old should be able to define three out of the five words: pity, revenge, charity, envy, justice. According to Professor Terman's instructions, a child passes this test if he says that "pity" is "to be sorry for some one"; the child fails if he says "to help" or "mercy." A correct definition of "justice" is as follows: "It's what you get when you go to court"; an incorrect definition is "to be honest."

A mental test, then, is established in this way: The tester himself guesses at a large number of tests which he hopes and believes are tests of intelligence. Among these tests those finally are adopted by him which sixty percent of the children under his observation can pass. The children whom the tester is studying select his tests.

There are, consequently, two uncertain elements. The first is whether the tests really test intelligence. The second is whether the children under observation are a large enough group to be typical. The answer to the first question—whether the tests are tests of intelligence—can be determined only by seeing whether the results agree with other tests of intelligence, whatever they may be. The answer to the second question can be had only by making a very much larger number of observations than have yet been made. We know that the largest test made, the army examinations, showed enormous error in the Stanford test of adult intelligence. These elements of doubt are, I think, radical enough to prohibit anyone from using the results of these tests for large generalization about the quality of human beings. For when people generalize about the quality of human beings they assume an objective criterion of quality, and for testing intelligence there is no such criterion. These puzzles may test intelligence, and they may not. They may test an aspect of intelligence. Nobody knows.

What then do the tests accomplish? I think we can answer this question best by starting with an illustration. Suppose you wished to judge all the pebbles in a large pile of gravel for the purpose of separating them into three piles, the first to contain the extraordinary pebbles, the second the normal pebbles, the third the insignificant pebbles. You have no scales. You first separate from the pile a much smaller pile and pick out one pebble which you guess is the average. You hold it in your left hand and pick up another pebble in your right hand. The right pebble feels heavier. You pick up another pebble. It feels lighter. You pick up a third. It feels still lighter. A fourth feels heavier than the first. By this method you can arrange all the pebbles from the smaller pile in a series running from the lightest to the heaviest. You thereupon call the middle pebble the standard pebble, and with it as a measure you determine whether any pebble in the larger pile is a subnormal, a normal or a supernormal pebble.

This is just about what the intelligence test does. It does not weigh or measure intelligence by any objective standard. It simply arranges a group of people in a series from best to worst by balancing their capacity to do certain arbitrarily selected puzzles, against the capacity of all the others. The intelligence test, in other words, is fundamentally an instrument for classifying a group of people. It may also be an instrument for measuring their intelligence, but of that we cannot be at all sure unless we believe that M. Binet and Mr. Terman and a few other psychologists have guessed correctly when they invented their tests. They may have guessed correctly but, as we shall see later, the proof is not yet at hand.

The intelligence test, then, is an instrument for classifying a group of people, rather than "a measure of intelligence." People are classified within a group according to their success in solving problems which may or may not be tests of intelligence. They are classified according to the performance of some Californians in the years 1910 to about 1916 with Mr. Terman's notion of the problems that reveal intelligence. They are not classified according to their ability in dealing with the problems of real life that call for intelligence.

With this in mind let us look at the army results, as they are dished up by writers like Mr. Lothrop Stoddard and Professor McDougall of Harvard. The following table is given:

4½	%	of	the	army	were	A	men
9	%	"	"	"	"	B	"
16½	%	"	"	"	"	C+	"
25	%	"	"	"	"	C	"
20	%	"	"	"	"	C-	"
15	%	"	"	"	"	D	"
10	%	"	"	"	"	D-	"

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But how, you ask, did the army determine the qualities of an "A" man? For an "A" man is supposed to have "very superior intelligence," and of course mankind has wondered for at least two thousand years what were the earmarks of very superior intelligence. McDougall and Stoddard are quite content to take the army's word for it, or at least they never stop to explain, before they exploit the figures, what the army meant by "very superior inelligence." The army, of course, had no intention whatever of committing itself to a definition of very superior intelligence. The army was interested in classifying recruits. It therefore asked a committee of psychologists to assemble from all the different systems, Binet and otherwise, a series of tests. The committee took this series and tried it out in a few camps. They timed the tests. "The number of items and the time limits were so fixed that five percent or less in any average group would be able to finish the entire series of items in the time allowed." * It is not surprising, therefore, that five percent or less (4½ percent actually) of the army made a top score. It is not surprising that tests devised to pass five percent or less "A" men should have passed four and a half percent "A" men.

The army was quite justified in doing this because it was in a hurry and was looking for about five percent of the recruits to put into officers' training camps. I quarrel only with the Stoddards and McDougalls who solemnly talk about the 4½ percent "A" men in the American nation without understanding how these 4½ percent were picked. They do not seem to realize that if the army had wanted half the number of officers, it could by shortening the time have made the scarcity of "A" men seem even more alarming. If the army had wanted to double the "A" men, it could have done that by lengthening the time. Somewhere, of course, in the whole group would have been found men who could not have answered all the questions correctly in any length of time. But we do not know how many men of the kind there were because the tests were never made that way.**

The army was interested in discovering officers and in eliminating the feeble-minded. It had no time to waste, and so it adopted a rough test which would give a quick classification. In that it succeeded on the whole very well. But the army did not measure the intelligence of the American nation, and only very loose-minded writers imagine that it did. When men write as Mr. Stoddard does that "only four and a half millions [of the whole population] can be considered 'talented,' " the only possible comment is that the statement has no foundation whatsoever. We do not know how many talented people there are: first, because we have no measure of talent, and second, because we have never made the attempt to devise one or apply one. But when we see how men like Stoddard and McDougall have exploited the army tests, we realize how necessary, but how unheeded, is the warning of Messrs. Yoakum and Yerkes that "the ease with which the army group test can be given and scored makes it a dangerous method in the hands of the inexpert. It was not prepared for civilian use, and is applicable only within certain limits to other uses than that for which it was prepared."

WALTER LIPPMANN.

(To be continued.)

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* Yoakum and Yerkes, Army Mental Tests, p. 3.

** Psychological Examining in the United States Army, p. 419. "The high frequencies of persons gaining at the upper levels (often 100%) indicate for the people making high scores on single time the 'speed' element is predominant."

An English Wood

This valley wood is hedged
With the set shape of things.
Here sorrows come not edged,
Here are no harpies fledged,
No roc has clapped his wings,
No gryphons wave their stings,
Here, poised in quietude,
Calm elementals brood
On the set shape of things,
They fend away alarms
From this green wood.
Here nothing is that harms,
No bull with lungs of brass,
No toothed or spiny grass,
No tree whose clutching arms
Drink blood when travelers pass,
No mount of Glass,
No bardic tongues unfold
Satires or charms.
Only, the lawns are soft,
The tree-stems grave and old,
Slow branches sway aloft,
The evening air comes cold,
The sunlight scatters gold.
Small grasses toss and bend
Small pathways idly tend
Towards no certain end.

ROBERT GRAVES.

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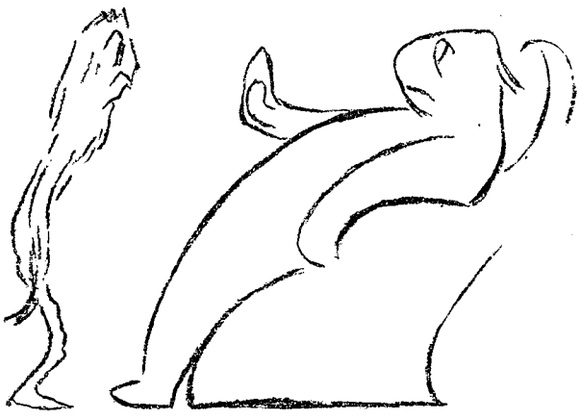
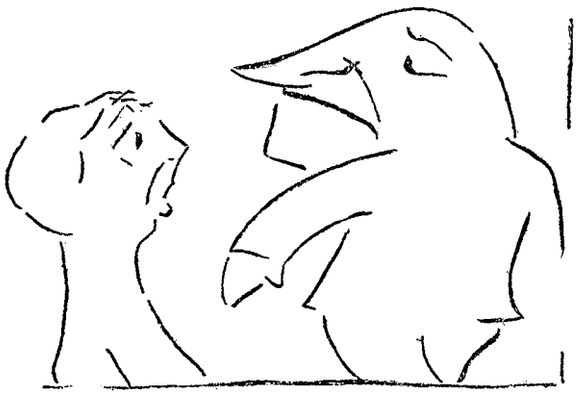
The Crow's Nest

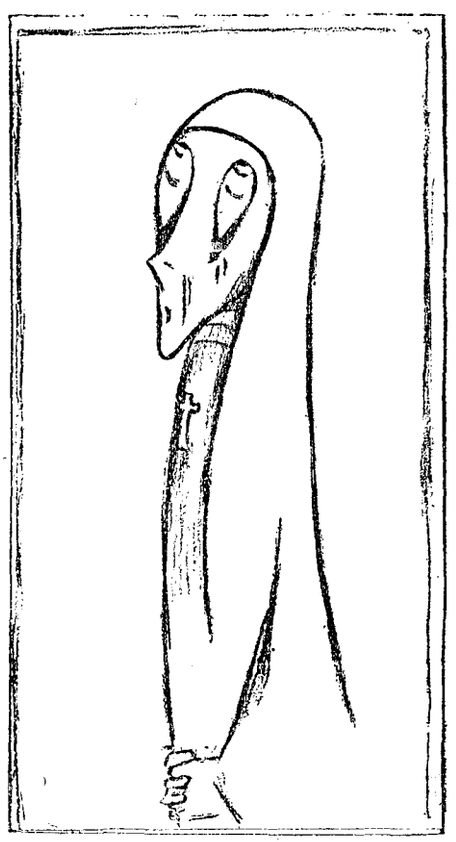


Poet and Publisher

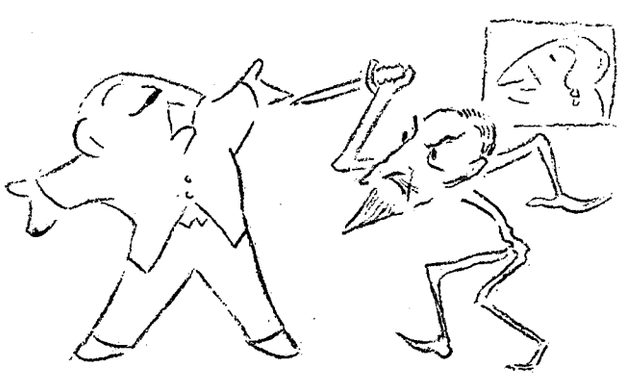


Man the Master

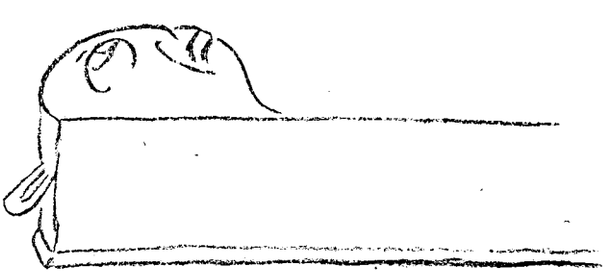
Truth and Falsehood



A Portrait



Again the fatal triangle. Modern Launcelot and Arthur.



In his coffin at last, looking morosely back upon life.

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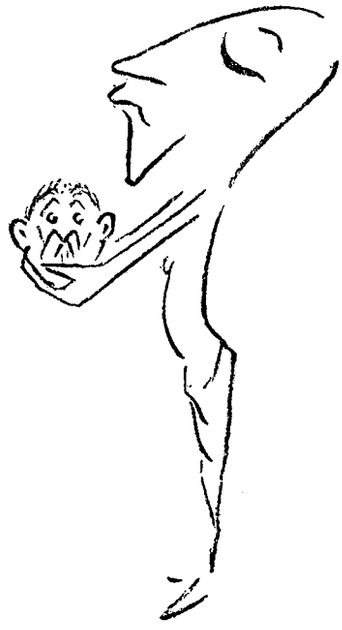
Gather ye rosebuds while ye may.

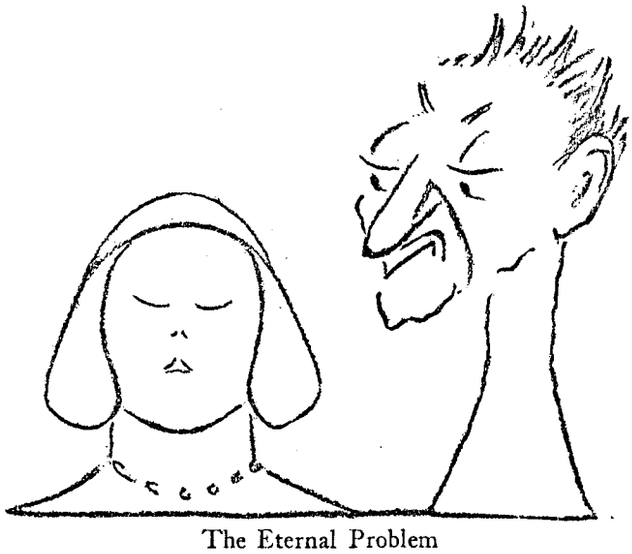
Goliath:
He in whom Philistines trust.

Polygamist, packing the old suit-case for another honey-moon.

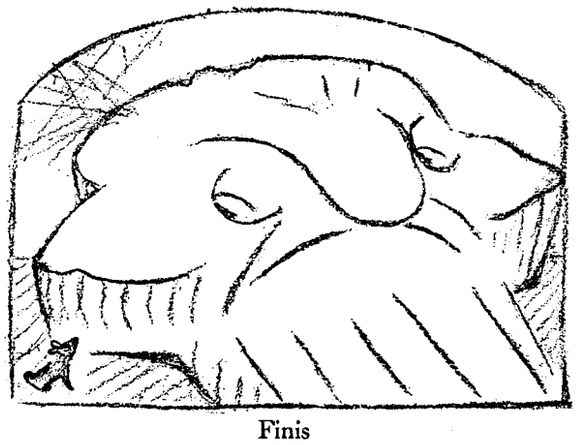
"Kiss it, you rebel!" says Power to the Intelligentsia.



Salome



The Eternal Problem



Finis

CLARENCE DAY, JR.

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Bringing in the Ducks

WITH the villagers I used to know in Northfield Sunday was like a visit from the doctor. When the doctor comes we face no merely idle or natural moment. Things that a minute earlier were only human suddenly become burdened with scientific meanings and gravities. We must find out what we have to do in such a special case. We must find out the profound explanation of things; why did we bat our eyes like that? why this dizziness when we jump up out of our chairs? Meanwhile we are not entirely happy, but we know that it is a busy, important and serious affair. For thoughtful people it was the same with a Massachusetts Sunday. The sun might rise, the leaves blow over the common, the dogs frolic along the sidewalks. But there was something frivolous, nevertheless, about nature's taking its course in such a fashion. There was an undue carelessness in these dogs running about without regard to the seriousness of life on that one day at least. There was, in a word, something special about the whole event.

In Assisi Sunday is not in this vein. In Assisi you know that there are many sides to life, there is work, the family, love, wine, music, a little dancing, processions, and God and His part in everything. You have the word domenica for this seventh day but you never use it; you say festa, holiday. On that day you leave off some of your work, in the afternoon certainly. And in the morning on your way to the market or to the farm, you stop for mass in the church. You bring your scythes and rakes and scales into the church with you, your chickens and your baskets of ducks. You see nothing so very special about the occasion. It is only a way of going on living, it is a natural part of your life. Hopes of heaven and fears of hell you have naturally, just as you wish to go in July to Siena for the races or are afraid of the poorhouse. And to meditate on goodness and on the life of St. Francis, perhaps, is not so very different from thinking about the things you like in your friends or about the traits of your neighbors. You have times for this service to God as you have times for love, food, your little son, the theatre when it comes to town, or your farming or your trade. At any rate if one of the ducks gives a quack during the mass, you can whack it over the head. There is nothing particularly wicked or shocking about it; it is awkward, as when one sneezes while making a bow. This worship in church is a part of your life. You lead your life and life will lead itself; life all hangs together.

I wish the actors in R. U. R. and in Rose Bernd could bring their ducks into the church with them. Behind both R. U. R. and Rose Bernd, there are most admirable intentions. The plays themselves have held at one time or another significant places on European stages. For both productions an effort has been made to gather good actors together, actors like Miss Barrymore, Mr. Calvert, Mr. Basil Sydney. Both productions have achieved successful moments, especially Rose Bernd, where at brief intervals the dramatic level rises very high. But there are times at both the Garrick and the Longacre when more than through anything else the effect misses fire because of just one trouble with the actors. They have the play too much on their consciences. They feel responsible for the truths conveyed. They want to make a special case of the life shown in these particular instances that they are presenting. They have the doctor on their minds. In their drama it is Sunday. If some off-hand and homely piece of life stuck its head out the basket and quacked, most of these actors would be quite unhappy.

But the effect of R. U. R. would gain tremendously if the actors could take it all less concernedly. Mr. Simonson has happily devised a room of bare walls and window spaces of misty air and haunting forms, that expresses the mood of the play, with its mechanical surface and its romantic hunger beyond. The dramatist has invented a situation and incidents that can support all the modern implications, the social theories, the prophecies and the satirical pot-shots at humanity that he chooses to make. The burden of all this, then, falls only indirectly on the actors. But their consciences seem to shoulder it. Take for example the scene where the host of robots have surrounded the house, and the official business family are in such danger. A dozen points may very well be implied on soul, matter and mechanical progress, and these points may follow later in our minds. But the pattern of the scene is pure melodrama. Mr. Devereux, Mr. Anthony, Mr. Johnston and Mr. Travers were busy, it is true, turning on electric currents, hopping about, inventing defences, and looking through the shutters. But they appeared to be looking down the vistas of sociology rather than at the mob below, and their brains not their bodies seemed beseiged. This scene could have been done better by an ordinary stock company if they were fools enough and saw nothing in it but its pure drama of danger and suspense. R. U. R. is only a melodrama that uses modern ideas like socialism and progress exactly as the old melodrama used ideas like honor and gallantry. The thing for the actors to do is to play the play, to fill the characters up with life, to make them entertain themselves with being alive. In a word the actors in R. U. R. should let go and enjoy themselves creating the people they have to create and doing what is to be done by them. And then if the dramatist has things to say in terms of these people and actions, that is his affair.

In Rose Bernd Mr. Robert Edmond Jones has provided settings—the upland place with its crude blue sky and its meagre country and its homely, abundant, blossoming apple tree; the rooms with their sterility and glow combined—that seemed to me subtly right. These settings seemed to give the effect of life springing from primitive harshness. And they contrived to skirt around realism at very much the same distance that the dramatist has kept. Hauptmann has provided the poetic meaning, Mr. Hopkins has given the production a fine hint of mysticism. The art of Miss Barrymore and Mr. McKay Morris is often stirring and compulsive. But too often, and especially when there is a scene with many people in it, the actors seem afraid to let themselves go. They seem to be afraid of some higher meaning, or to suspect that some duty has been laid upon them. They need to assure themselves that regardless of the play and its special importance they are acting human beings after all. This is not the first time they have come up against life. The three men, for example, are indeed, as Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn so beautifully put it, this woman's soul, the forces working in her. But while they are on the stage, that is not the actors' concern. They may leave that to us. What they are is themselves; they are men humming along the eager isolation of their own passionate ways. On the depths of the characters and the message of the play and their duties to it, these actors may reflect at home if they like; but they must reflect at home, on the stage create.

For all this self-consciousness when they come to a play they take seriously or respect as possessing a European

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importance, you cannot wholly blame American actors. We are not yet a country that is easy with the theatre as an expression of life, or natural with it as a daily habit. But there is nothing special about serious drama except that it is alive. Any other kind of seriousness the actor can despise. There is first of all, of course, the direction of a play; someone must see what proportions it has, what is its main theme, and where in the pattern of this theme are the spots where the emphasis must come. But when this is done the actor's sense of responsibility for the play's general social meaning may abate. His task becomes then like life. In life a man sees his own self in relation to the scheme of things around him; his body stirs with its own vitality; he is curious, entertained, carried along; he *fills out the moment; he is a busy microcosm all to himself.* But he has not his relation to the scheme of things around him on his mind always over-much; his pulse does not beat for the sake of biology; he is carried along and entertained with his living because he likes it or cannot give up the chance of it, not that he may illustrate some divine idea or *some reform coming in the universe.* The actor has the same relation to his rôle in the play that he has in life to himself.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Partition of Austria

SIR: I got today the September 13th issue of your paper and I was rather stirred up by the way you treated on the affairs of Austria. You are right in what you say about the responsibility of America; this fearful mess, which is called Europe after the war, is in its highest degree due to the ignorance of America interfering. Also without name and writing under the Treaties of Versailles, St. Germain, etc., you cannot shake off, before the future and history, the justification of what is going on and is yet to come. Ignorance does not protect from giving account.

But this time you have not even the excuse of ignorance in saying, "the best that can be hoped is her partition among the contending parties," as an ever increasing number of Americans and not a few American journalists are frequenting Austria and Vienna. The partition of six millions of German speaking people,—partition means I think not to be asked about his will,—who for many hundreds of years have formed a unity, to three different nations, who have shown themselves all along as bitter enemies to all that is Austrian and German, only because there is no power, or better to say no will to bring these three to reason, is the greatest blow to all that America ever said and wrote about the "Rights of Nations." And if you propose such a plan, or even if you speak of it without indignation and repulse you are no liberal, no democrat, but a hypocrite.

Vienna. DR. MARGARETE MERORES.

An American Hospital in Moscow

SIR: In Moscow, some two miles from Kremlin, is a hospital which promises to be the scene of one of the most important and beneficent chapters in the history of American relief in Russia. The historic Old Catherine Hospital, which had its beginnings in the reign of Catherine II, consists of several large buildings—administration and dispensary, surgical, obstetrical, etc.—together with smaller buildings, on a plot of ground, eighteen acres in area. In happier days, the hospital had some 400 beds, and provided for a total population—patients, physicians, nurses, orderlies, servants, etc.—of more than 2,000 persons. The grounds are now rough and unkempt, and the buildings in disrepair, several of them mere ruins. Equipment is old and broken, and supplies inadequate. In the obstetrical wards, I saw, last summer, scores of mothers lying on bent and rusted iron beds, without sheets or pillow-cases, and covered only with strips of burlap, old shawls, portieres. During the past year the American Medical Aid for Russia, organized under the direction of a group of distinguished American physicians, raised a fund sufficient to purchase a hospital equipment adequate for a first-class institution. Under an agreement formulated between the Moscow health authorities and the Society, the Old Catherine Hospital is now being put in first-class repair by the Soviet authorities and placed in charge of the American Medical Aid for a period of one year. Having already equipped the hospital the Society agrees now to provision both patients and staff, meet all the running expenses of the institution, supply it with an abundance of first-class material, install American methods of administration, nursing and treatment, and in general maintain the institution as a modern hospital of the highest standard. At the end of one year, it will be returned to the Soviet Health Commission of Moscow as the model hospital of the city.

For this great work, the sum of $200,000 is promptly needed. The Russians are doing their part in placing buildings and grounds, fully restored, at our disposal. We in turn bring to the relief of people just emerging from years of cold, starvation and disease, and still in dire distress, the full equipment and personnel of a modern hospital. To thousands of men, women and children, we shall give immediate health and healing; and by our example of model hospital administration, set loose an influence in Russian life which will be a blessing for generations to come. Local groups of the American Medical Aid for Russia are being organized in the great cities of the country for the raising of funds. Individual contributions are solicited, and may be sent to the American Medical Aid for Russia, 103 Park Avenue, New York.

New York. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

"Four American Impressions"

SIR: To prove that American audiences are not completely docile in the matter of literary criticism and that the exhibition of cerebral fat may still call forth protest, I wish to inquire if there is any other justification for printing Four American *Impressions by Sherwood Anderson* (October 11th issue) than Mr. Anderson's reputation as a fiction writer. This piece of writing lies vaguely in the direction of literary criticism, and since it does not clearly point anywhere else, I shall assess it as such.

Being considerably mystified by Gertrude Stein, I would welcome any statement of her intention. Mr. Anderson is her chief *champion in this country. He tells us that her personality re*minds him of an Ohio woman working in her immense old-fashioned kitchen and that "she is laying word against word, relating sound to sound, feeling for the taste, smell, the rhythm of the individual word"—which is precisely what every literary artist tries to do. If he had said she was recording the jetsam and flotsam of the subconscious or something like that and developed his thesis, we might have been started on something. Mr. Anderson's diagnosis of Ring Lardner has long been current and does not depend upon being brought up in an Ohio town. His statement that it is all right if in secret Lardner is another man, is merely patting cowardice on the head. Was Mark Twain and is Ring Lardner "bluffed by the highbrows," or do they merely exemplify a subservience to middle-class codes? Anent Rosenfeld, Miss Heap is suspiciously misquoted. She wrote, not that he is "our well-dressed writer of prose," but that "Criticism in New York is one of the allied fashion-designing trades. The art talk of the lay-intellectual is a radio of the fashion-art journals. Every smart journal has its Well Dressed Man and its well-dressed artist. The Dial has Paul Rosenfeld." Which I take to have decidedly unflattering implications. To one who believes that Mr. Rosenfeld's prose is bad and difficult only in the sense that it is hard to find an idea in it, the flat pronouncement that he is "a real aristocrat among writers of prose" means absolutely nothing unless it is justified. And don't we all know that Sinclair Lewis neglects the sunnier aspects of American life, that he does not love it and that he is fighting for something he does care about? The futility of this statement about Lewis is Mr. Anderson's fault, not mine.

Suppose that Mr. Anderson had written a sonnet with bad rhymes, inaccurate metre, commonplace thought and the most overworked phrases, would even his short-story reputation secure its acceptance? Criticism should be judged at least as severely as a sonnet. GORHAM B. MUNSON.

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Books and Things

IN Single Strictness is the title of Mr. George Moore's new book of five stories (New York: Privately Printed for Subscribers Only by Boni and Liveright. $10). To describe the impression they've left on me would be still more difficult than I find it if I knew what decisions Mr. George Moore had made before setting to work, and in what order. Ignorance of the book's origins and progress leaves me free to make guesses. Free to suppose, for example, that his first decision, first in time perhaps and certainly in importance, was more like a painter's choice than an ordinary writer's; that his book began its life when some such word as silver-point came into his head as a name for the kind of thing he was after.

Perhaps certain cherished aversions and old weariness influenced him to the choice of a tone which would give his preferences an opportunity to have their own way, in all liberty and at ease, ever so indirectly and quietly. A distaste that has for many years been strengthening in Mr. George Moore for prose with a marked rhythmic beat; a distaste for emphasis of another kind, for a prose in which the words sound like something added late in the process, like italics, like last aids to perception and attention summoned from the dictionary; a distaste for narrative where the suspense is always being heightened; a distaste for all the noises drama makes—these and other dislikes must have been active in him, must have been wearing their conscious coats or their unconscious, when he chose his tone.

And then, too, at one moment or another, while In Single Strictness was forming itself and being formed, Mr. George Moore may have recollected an accusation often brought against him, of inability to make up his mind whether readers easily shocked or readers not easily shocked were most worth shocking. Once upon a time it was his custom to solve this problem by trying to leave nobody unshocked. Not so of late years. Not so in the case of In Single Strictness. Here he has chosen a subject or two from the class labelled scabrous, and has treated them with a decency so whole and so fine that no sign is visible of any awareness on the author's part that tact was needed. Had tact obtruded itself, had we anywhere suspected him of trying to be tactful, we should have felt that he hadn't got the values right in his picture. He does not dip his thin brush in either right or wrong when he paints us his picture of a prostitute. There she is, the friendly child, in her unescapable natural calling, there too are the unexpected after effects of her character, the lacelike renunciations to which gratitude toward her inspires another woman, Sarah Gwynn.

Readers of Hail and Farewell have not forgotten the contrast between their idea and Mr. George Moore's idea of the disturbance set going in him by the Boer war, in which he sided with the Boers. The Boer war caused him to break several old friendships, uprooted him, drove him out of England. It turned him bitter and unrelenting, savage and ferocious and harsh. So he saw himself. What his readers saw was a sedentary writer somewhat upset by the Boer war, by the worry of moving his belongings away from London and of finding a suitable Dublin house, by the failure of Ireland to move eastward and meet him halfway. Mistakenly persuaded that he was boiling furiously, he simmered for exactly the right length of time, and one of his best books was the result.

If his feeling about the Boer war was really one of the "sources" of Hail and Farewell, then another generous indignation may have been one of the "sources" of the longest of these new stories, Hugh Montfert. Upon some occasion or other, possibly when Oscar Wilde was convicted and sentenced, Mr. George Moore may have revolted against the stupid cruelty of that performance, against the assumption that prison and infamy ought always to be the portion of every sodomist. Somewhere in the sky of his mind a wish may have gathered, may almost have taken shape, to reveal to English readers, at his own time and in his own way, the something natural which may be hidden in a crime against nature, the frightened innocence which may communicate its own color of innocence to no matter what temptations, the whiteness of dark things. So, perhaps, Mr. Moore may have come to choose the subject of the silver-point called Hugh Montfert, which is the picture not of a life stained by this temptation, but of this temptation somewhat cleared and bleached by Hugh's immunity from normal sins and stains.

All of which I say although knowing all the while that I ought to keep silent about such a story as Hugh Montfert, that in criticising it I am hampered by the fact that homosexuality is a subject which, perhaps because I happen to dislike such of my acquaintances as it interests, bores me a good deal. I can see, of course, that it is a subdivision of Mr. George Moore's subject, celibacy, but why this subject attracted him I know less after reading In Single Strictness than before. "For the unfolding of my subject," he says in his Advertisement, "more than one story was needed, but the temperaments of the people in the stories are so closely related that I look upon this book as a single narrative divided into five chapters; and the book's unity having been pointed out, it only remains for me to tell that the stories are all new with the exception of ten or a dozen pages borrowed from Celibates."

Perhaps Mr. George Moore's interest was never quite so keen in the subject itself, which he unfolds without making many discoveries for us or additions to our experience, as in the difference between his response to it and other men's, and more narrowly in the unlikeness of his and their literary responses. Or perhaps, being minded to achieve a certain tone, to hush his already quiet prose into noiselessness, he looked about him for a subject, and could think of none more treatable in his later manner than these lives all made up of futility and remembrance, these contemporary men and women who seemed to have lived so long ago. Or was it only the women, was it only Henrietta Marr and Emily Lofft and Sarah Gwynn, who were at any time alive? I am not quite sure the characters who bear men's names ever lived or were ever men. No doubt the presence of men would have been too heavy for the delicate craft Mr. George Moore is sailing under such light airs. The narrative will be becalmed, we say, in another moment, and we are charmed by the continuing miracle of its being kept in motion. The beauty and quietness of this narrative art are not easily to be matched, although here and there the quietness is rather too much for the beauty.

From Mr. George Moore's Advertisement: "At last a book of talks began to shape itself in my mind. Another big job of work, I said, six or eight months at least, for little can be saved from *Impressions and Opinions;* and forthright I began to consider *A Parley* as a possible title for the new books, else *Parleys, Soliloquies and Meditations,* without, however, being able to come to a decision."

Why not *Parleyings with a Certain Person of Importance in his Day?* P. L.

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The Critic as Novelist

Still Life, by J. Middleton Murry. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $2.50.

The Things We Are, by J. Middleton Murry. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $2.50.

THOSE who read Mr. Murry's first considerable piece of criticism, his study of Dostoevsky which appeared some six years ago, might have predicted that he would, sooner or later, write novels. His Dostoevsky is in fact a critical novel. Fiction is a reading of life for the purpose of emphasis. Mr. Murry applied the method of fiction to the material furnished by Dostoevsky's life and works, and whether we agree with his reading or not, we must admit that he produced a subjective interpretation of extraordinary subtlety and interest. So intimate a study necessarily left its impress on the critic. Hence the further prophecy might have been hazarded that when Mr. Murry came to deal with life directly it would be the aspects and phenomena of life as Dostoevsky saw them which would interest him. He has indeed left the trail marked quite unmistakably. In trying to convey the impression which Dostoevsky made upon him he told us in his introduction of two experiences of his own which conveyed to him something of the metaphysical terror which lurks behind Dostoevsky's vision of life. One occurred when in reading a book on Egyptology he came upon the phrase, The Boat of the Million Years, and through its reiteration was suddenly rapt into eternity. "I saw the Boat." The other was induced by contemplating the condors in their cage at the Zoological Gardens, great birds perching above a half gnawed bloody bone, "looking out with blind and lidded eyes." They gave a new content to the word obscene, that "metaphysical obscenity which consists in the sudden manifestation of that which is timeless through that which is in time." These two occurrences form part of the experience of Anne in Still Life, whereby she feels that the comfortable world which man has built for himself in time is suddenly obliterated and she is facing the metaphysical horror of eternity. "Where she had been she knew that life and motion and change were illusion, by which men's eyes are blinded."

The two books before us are singularly alike in method and art. Mr. Percy Lubbock has called attention to the device of Henry James in his later novels in setting a stage in the consciousness of one of his characters upon which the action of the plot is reflected. In each story Mr. Murry gives us three such stages, the minds of two men and a woman. The setting of Still Life is elaborate and complicated, and its implication is tragic. The Things We Are is lighter in structure, and the characters are simplified; it may be called in the deeper sense a comedy. The problem, however, is the same—the problem of personality, of freedom of the individual to be himself in a world of men and women—and the solution. "You have to lose yourself," says Dennis in Still Life: "He that loseth his life shall save it. I feel that that's true. But what's the good of a feeling to a man with my habit of mind? Lose myself? If I just suggest it to myself nine-tenths of me gets up and laughs." And Boston echoes in The Things We Are: "I had to *lose* my life; it was the only hope. At the same time I saw that, I also saw that it was quite impossible for me to lose my life. Mine wasn't the kind of life that lets itself be lost." Again Maurice in Still Life: "Here I am, absolutely tortured by the thought of all the people there are roaming about the world, whom I've hurt in one way or in another. . . . The funniest part of it is that the reason why I hurt all these people is that I haven't got the courage not to." And Boston in his simpler fashion: "I saw that one mustn't use people, that's all. It's forbidden." Clearly we have here the answer that we live only in others, and can be free only through them, and also the ethical paradox that to seek such freedom at their expense is to win only an external mastery which is slavery.

The solution in both novels comes about through action which is fantastic, spasmodic, incoherent. Dennis declares in Still Life: "I believe that there is one way of salvation for me: To do something instead of letting something be done, to do something and wait, something that makes you bound to respond, somehow to baptise myself. The doing of something that may have no value in itself, but which costs me so much to do that it will always be a symbol." It is the doing of such things which leads Anne Cradock to abandon her husband for Maurice, and Dennis to resign his hospital appointment and his career, and Maurice, who is surely Dostoevsky's Raw Youth, to forsake Anne in his inconsequent pursuit of Madeleine. Similarly Boston discovers through apparently unmotived behavior a wholly latent capacity to be himself. In both the action consists in bringing to fulfillment motives which lie hidden and suppressed. It is a purging of the subconsciousness. Mr. Murry will be called a Freudian, but he has already recognized in Dostoevsky the secret of a reality which it is clearly the purpose of his novels to reveal. "Only that was real which was fantastic; in other words, only that which was the sign of revolt in the mind of man against the tyranny of life, and the iron laws of blind and cruel nature." As Dostoevsky found a potent symbol of this revolt in what we call crime, and the deepest lessons of humanity in the lives of those whom we call vicious, so murder occurs quite casually among the various thoughts of Boston, and the souls of Anne and Dennis are clarified by the little courtesan in the Montmartre café, who dances with her head on Anne's breast, and accepts Dennis as her casual fate. Surely this touching little figure is meant to remind us vaguely of Sonia in Crime and Punishment.

Altogether it may be said that Mr. Murry's novels are a genuine criticism of life. In their rendering of after-war conditions in England they have something of the importance of Sanin as a post-revolution document in Russia. Beside them the recent novels of Mr. Bennett, Mr. George and Mr. Wells are journalistic and superficial. The interest of serious fiction during this century has been largely sociological, its problems have been those of the individual in society with the emphasis on social conduct. Mr. Murry postulates a society in decay, a social fabric in tatters. Through the breaking down of conventions that held the individual to a fixed place in his world and a course of action along lines of safety and success, a new range of movement of experiment is opened, and a new set of social sanctions must be provided. Mr. Murry's novels represent a return to the kind of seriousness which we think of as characteristic of the psychological novel of the eighteen sixties and seventies. George Eliot wrote as frontispiece for Daniel Deronda a bit of verse beginning "Let thy chief terror be of thine own soul." This might be the foreword of Still Life—but with what added complexities in soul, with what deeper meaning of terror.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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Dogmatism in the Name of Science

Science and Human Affairs, by W. G. Curtis. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. $3.50.

PROFESSOR CURTIS'S book unintentionally indicates why scientists do not, as a rule, go in for writing on the larger bearings of science for human life. The developed sciences are precisely those that, like physics, chemistry and biology, deal with the simpler aspects of the world; and as it requires the major part of a man's intellectual energy to master his own special field, the cautious scientist realizes that he cannot give to the larger and more complicated problems of human life as a whole the same thorough and conscientious work which he devotes to the relatively simpler technical problems that are his specialty. Under the circumstances two types venture to deal with science as a whole. On the one hand there are a few philosophers like Santayana who are profoundly conscious of the limitations of their knowledge, but realize that life is an adventure with uncertainties which cannot be halted until certain scientific knowledge is available. On the other hand there is a larger number who, though they may exercise scientific caution in their own field, have no hesitation in swallowing quite uncritically that which they gather at second hand to be the teaching of science as a whole. It is one of the ironies of fate that men are never so certain about the things which they have investigated for themselves as about the things which they have accepted on the authority of others. In the process of retailing the investigations of others all the qualifications and doubts that distinguish critical science from hearsay knowledge tend to drop out.

Of the three parts of Professor Curtis's book the middle one is the only one that falls within the author's special competence, viz., zoology. Here we have a fairly clear statement of some of the principal problems of modern biology—perhaps most satisfactory on the problem of heredity. But the reader will be quite misled if he takes the author's word for it that universal evolution is an undisputed fact. It certainly is not a fact of direct observation but rather a highly speculative theory. Moreover, apart from the rejection of the Biblical myths as a pretended scientific cosmology, evolution is too vague and meaningless a term to be of any use in scientific experimental biology. Leading experimenters like Jacques Loeb have not hesitated to say so, but the great majority are afraid to say this for fear of lending support to fanatical ignoramuses like Bryan, McCann and Company. But this is a great mistake. Science has much less to fear from external dangers like hostile legislation than from the internal danger of abating the enunciation of truth by considerations of public policy or expediency. It is precisely because Darwin ignored questions of expediency and stated his case with transparent honesty, indicating fully the available evidence against as well as that in favor of his thesis, that he was able to impress the public as well as advance biologic science.

In the other two parts of the book, devoted respectively to the history and to the present significance of science, the author's complacent dogmatism is not mitigated by first-hand knowledge. One who compiles any history on the basis of secondary sources will, of course, fall into errors from which reference to primary sources might have saved him. What is worse, however, is that he will accept and retail as fact that which is but questionable interpretation. Thus Professor Curtis, following his guides, Draper and A. D. White, most complacently repeats the assertion that the principle of authority, and especially theology and scholasticism, have been the great hindrances to scientific development. Now there can be no doubt that many theologians have been hostile to science; and no enlightened person can withhold from Draper, White and the other continuators of the Voltairean tradition the high praise due to those who have delivered telling blows in the interests of toleration and freedom of thought—great goods which we are apt to lose if we do not continually fight for them. But a sober examination of the historic facts shows that the extent to which the church has actually hindered scientific activity has been grossly exaggerated. Numerous and atrocious have been the persecutions for theologic, as for political, heresy. But so far as I know, the proposition that the earth revolves about the sun is the only proposition of modern science officially or semi-officially condemned by the authority of the church, and on this the latter has had to yield and withdraw. (Of course individual theologians have raved at different doctrines of modern science, but so have statesmen, literary critics, and patriotic citizens generally—and with equal futility.) On the other hand, Professor Curtis himself admits that the church made possible the return of scientific thinking (p. 49) and that the modern universities arose in intimate union with the scholarly activity of the church, following the general revival of western Europe. Despite his main thesis that the decline of science was due to the church and theology (pp. 4, 48) we learn incidentally that the decline of science was *not* due to the prohibitions of theologians, but to general intellectual backwardness (p. 46). The latter is much nearer the actuality. Science, like a plant, may be hindered by external obstructions, but the main fact is the positive energy within it and the general intellectual life in which it has its roots. Where a vigorous intellectual curiosity or desire for truth exists, prohibitions against its satisfaction will generally be overcome. We need not, therefore, be surprised that periods of vigorous development in theology are also periods of great creative activity in science—witness the thirteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

When we come to the third part dealing with the general significance of science, Professor Curtis's account suffers not only from the absence of any special knowledge or humility in regard to the complexity of the social problems to which science is to be applied, but even more by the failure to ask what it is that distinguishes science from ordinary human thought. Science we are told is but the application of reason to natural phenomena, and that is precisely what everyone does who carries on his business carefully. But, if this is so, may not a lawyer, or a critical historian like Thucydides, who examines his evidence with critical care, be much more representative of the scientific spirit than an uncritical zoologist?

To enumerate all the questionable assertions on philosophy, psychology, economics, etc., which Professor Curtis accepts as unquestionable truth, would be to give a list of nearly all the superficial commonplaces which pass as axioms in our popular intellectual milieu. Comment on a few of them, however, may not be out of place. Thus to the confident assertion that the economic problem is no longer how to produce goods but how to distribute them (p. 265), it may be remarked that the problem how to produce economic goods without deadening human life is precisely the economic problem that natural science has

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not yet solved. To Professor Curtis the social good is identical with open-mindedness, and the latter means the acceptance of the *new*. But it seems never to occur to him that scepticism may be a good thing not only when applied to established tradition but also when applied to unbaked remedies for intellectual or social difficulties. Indeed, despite his constant glorification of scepticism, Professor Curtis does not hesitate to accept the fashionable American will-to-believe attitude in condemning *moral* scepticism and in telling us that in the issue between mechanism and vitalism we should prefer the latter for moral reasons. Perhaps even more significant is the way the thin truism that "things change" is made the basis of an attack on legalism as the adherence to precedents—ignoring all the time the fact that the law must serve not only new needs but the old needs as well. Would not the ignoring of all precedents be the same as the scientists' ignoring of all past observations? The fashionable and complacent use of the shibboleth "dynamic and not static," should not blind us to the existence of relatively permanent human interests.

To refuse acceptance to a zoologist's unproved assertion that the actual teachings of Jesus were not theological (p. 43), that the external world is the creation of the mind (p. 230) or that democracy is necessarily friendly to science (p. 287), does not involve a rejection or distrust of science. But the reflections here adduced may help us to see that the study of any one science, and even the enthusiastic preaching of universal scepticism, will not necessarily guard us against unwarranted dogmatism. The career of the great Descartes shows how futile is the exhortation to universal doubt, since our prejudices are precisely the "clear ideas" which it never occurs to us to question. Effective scepticism is the result, not the beginning, of organized and cumulative knowledge. The heights of science are, of course, free and accessible to all, but only at the price of an arduous toil that few at present can afford. Hence not only the multitude but even teachers of science are ready to believe uncritically in the name of science if not in the name of theology. Indeed, if we relied solely on the facts of our direct personal experience only an infinitesimal part of science would be open to us for direct verification. But while we cannot effectively question all things and must rely on the reports of others, it is a good thing to hold that nothing is above question. This means intellectual tolerance for those who reject our fundamental beliefs, even while we hold on, as we must, to that which we deem good, as the necessary zest of life. Something like this, to be sure, was said long ago by a theologically-minded Jew of Tarsus. But, despite the invaluable progress of science, life is still somewhat of an adventure and not yet altogether a demonstrable theorem.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

The Portraitist Portrayed

A Portrait of George Moore in a Study of his Work, by John Freeman. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $5.00.

OBSCURITY is often mistaken for profundity, and to people who do not recognize and avoid the confusion it may seem odd and unnecessary that Mr. Freeman should have elected to "study" Mr. George Moore's works, for from the beginning of his writings to his latest books there is, it is safe to say, not a line that is obscure. But the serene lucidity must not be taken for shallowness; if we see the bottom it is because no mud, held in suspense, hides the depths. It was in speaking of Henry James that Mr. Moore himself declared that that which is firmly and clearly imagined needs no psychology; and he adds: "Hamlet and Don Quixote *are* psychologies." The same may be said, within their degree, of Héloise or of Hugh Monfert. But because Moore is understandable it does not follow that his work does not repay close study, and the present time, on the eve of the publication of the first collected edition of his writings, was happily selected for the appearance of this large and dignified "portrait." The subject of Mr. Freeman's study offers alluring topics for discussion by a competent critic from both the aesthetic and the personal point of view.

There is, I think, no other living writer of the first rank who elects so unreservedly to be judged as an artist; the two other novelists who by general consent are regarded as his equals or perhaps his superiors—Mr. Hardy and Mr. Conrad—are certainly moralists as well as artists and neither would seek to divorce the moral intent from the aesthetic achievement. In Mr. Moore's mind the quest of morality in art appears as unreasonable as it did in the mind of Gautier or of Swinburne. "We do not seek," said Swinburne, "for sermons in sonnets"; nor, Mr. Moore would add, in novels and romances. He is the devoted servant of his art and no amount of pains is considered lost that is lavished upon his creations. No other living writer, hardly another in the whole range of English literature, has subjected his books to so untiring and continuous a process of revision. (Mr. Conrad's final versions differ often from the form in which his novels have appeared serially, but in his case the magazine version is to be considered merely as a first draft.) Mr. Moore has frequently rejected and denounced books from his own pen, and several he has banished utterly from the corpus of his writings. This ruthlessness towards himself, towards what was once part of himself, must be remembered by those who are made uncomfortable by the same ruthlessness when directed against other writers.

The author of Flowers of Passion and A Modern Lover was a very different man from the author of Héloise and Abelard and In Single Strictness. George Moore has developed miraculously from the callow youth, fond, as Mr. Freeman says, of "plushy" elegance, whose acquaintance with the French language was just sufficient to render him almost incapable of writing English, into the wise and gracious artist who looks today tenderly yet implacably into the human heart and sets down what he finds there in the most beautiful prose that has been written in modern English. And because he thus exhibits so wonderful a progress along a way strewn with discarded versions and rejected books he is eminently worthy of study. Mr. Freeman has sympathetically traced the spiral course of this progress, skilfully disentangling, as he goes, the facts from the fancies in the various volumes of meditative reminiscence. The critic has meted to Mr. Moore the same frankness which his subject has measured to other people, and in particular he has dealt firmly and unmincingly with the stains—the, alas! frequently so unnecessary stains—upon this beautiful achievement.

The portrait of the man which emerges from this study of his work and which is the special theme of the last chapter is cleverly and delicately fashioned; and the present reviewer, who has enjoyed the privilege of many talks by the fireside in Ebury Street, can vouch for its vividness and accuracy.

SAMUEL C. CHEW.

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A Page of Fiction

The Bright Shawl, by Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

MORE and more of late Mr. Hergesheimer comes to rely upon symbols. Now the gorgeous shawl of the Spanish dancer La Clavel becomes the device of his romantic mood. Seen through the far end of a telescope is the Cuban revolution, a pageant of great visual effectiveness. But though the story is of youth and the struggle for freedom, of all who move in the radiant aura of her bright shawl, only La Clavel seems fully alive. The anaemic young hero, imbued as he is with that chill passion which is most happy in embracing not a woman but a cause, is no more than half alive. As superficially sumptuous and suave and hot in color as a Zuloaga—though far less fleshly—this Bright Shawl of Mr. Hergesheimer's is a proper exhibit for the same museum which shelters Conrad's Arrow of Gold—both belated heirlooms of the romantic literary tradition of a vanished past. F. H.

Tales of the Jazz Age, by F. Scott Fitzgerald. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

IT is always hard to criticise a good craftsman in letters. He has virtues, but if you demonstrate them much, you exalt him disproportionately. He has shortcomings, but in dwelling on them you overtip the scale. It is so with Scott Fitzgerald who belongs to the "reasonably good" writers. His writing is an acceptable growth from the principles stated in handbooks of composition. His elements of articulation are carefully disguised from the reader, who therefore reads for content alone. Consequently Fitzgerald is not disqualified for the Saturday Evening Post. He is amusing, flippant, glib, sophisticated according to Princeton undergraduate standards, and this admits him to Smart Set. His characters never complete into substance: he sometimes succumbs to salesmanship: he has a fair range: he is better in fantasies: there are split-seconds of beauty expressed. But that emphatically is all. Beyond the straight arithmetic of craft there lies the severer arithmetic of art in which the problem is to make 2 x 2=5. G. B. M.

Broken Barriers, by Meredith Nicholson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

MR. MEREDITH NICHOLSON is at great pains in his story of Broken Barriers to explain and justify the younger generation in its famous Revolt. One would gather from a casual survey of current literature that the coming generation is amply able to explain itself, without the laborious efforts of a middle-aged apologist with romantic leanings. In the end, of course, the romanticist helps out the apologist with a happy ending (through the opportune death of the encumbring wife) and the erring or revolting or aspiring couple are permitted to embrace in legal wedlock. In this sterile story of life in Indianapolis there is again proof that even the theme of adultery must be treated with distinction to carry. The discarded moralists did that for it at least: The Scarlet Letter as a human document is more authentic than a Cytherea or a Broken Barriers, and more significant. There is nothing of itself important in drink and sex, except what the artist can lend them of human interest and significance. Mr. Nicholson lends them nothing, not even the covering of a good style. R. H.

Singing Captives, by E. B. C. Jones. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.00.

MISS JONES'S second novel is a short one and she slips into it easily, an accomplished swimmer diving into pleasant waters. But one could wish that the pool she has chosen were deeper. "Doesn't everyone—even Stella and mother—think something deeply about life, and if they do wouldn't one know it by something in their looks?" asks Caroline, and states the problem of the book. She concedes, of course, that her sulky, sensitive brother Roden is, like herself, imprisoned, beating against bars he can only dimly see. But for her capricious and wayward sister Stella, and her mother, full of gaiety and fads, life seems to be one long game of dolls' tea-party. Ultimately Caroline discovers to her intense satisfaction that all her light-hearted preening family are but captives of life, singing in shrill thin voices, not from happiness but to keep their courage up. This new heroine of Miss Jones's has all the intense fastidiousness of her predecessor Claire, in Quiet Interior, with none of Claire's spiritual fineness, and so is of course a prig. The book as a whole reveals an improvement in the technique of an artist whose first novel made her election reasonably sure. F. H.

The Clash, by Storm Jameson. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.90.

THE frankly sensational type of story derives a certain integrity from frankness; whereas this novel, offering its highly seasoned fare in the name of a fine purpose, is surely a less reputable work. In order to promote tolerance between England and America, Mrs. Jameson, in her foreword, promises to portray a typical clash between the two national temperaments. What she actually does is to present, some halfway through the book, the affairs of a beautiful, neurotic Englishwoman with a "charming barbarian" from Texas; so that the clash of nationality is practically submerged in that of sex. The people in this book are drawn from melodrama, not from life; their talk has the smart flavor of a Wilde drawing-room. A host of casual characters make their brief, theatrical bows and withdraw. Much in the mass of episode is irrelevant. Consequently the theme occupies a curiously incidental position. R. C.

The Happy Fool, by John Palmer. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. $1.75.

A QUIET book, showing the soul life of a young musician who "cannot accustom himself to being a householder." This fact is a deeper cause than any jarring social values for the failure of his first marriage; it does more than his hallucinations regarding the dead wife to nullify his second union. And finally, too British even to picture love outside the household, he vows to hold himself ever aloof from amorous entanglements. He acts in no very dramatic fashion, because the author is continually explaining the characters rather than allowing them to suggest the explanation. This constant analysis of mood is at once the strength and anaemia of the book, and is based upon a sustained emotional detachment. Not until the last page does Mr. Palmer let his personal sympathy for Guy well forth: there we see that the author, while he calls his hero a fool, is quite ready to cry with Stevenson, "For God's sake, give me the young man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself!" R. C.

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Four Books on the Negro

The Negro in Our History, by Carter Godwin Woodson. Washington: The Associated Publishers. $2.15.

The Negro Problem, compiled by Julia E. Johnson. Handbook Series. New York: The H. W. Wilson Company. $2.25.

The Trend of the Races, by George E. Haynes; In the Vanguard of a Race, by L. H. Hammond. Council of Women for Home Missions and Missionary Education Movement of United States and Canada. 75 cents each.

BOOKS about the Negro tend to become books about the Negro problem. In one of the closing chapters of The Negro in Our History Mr. Woodson explains the cause of the tendency: "Under different conditions these men [men like Kelly Miller and W. E. B. DuBois] no doubt, would have been historians, scientists or mathematicians, but their race was passing through the ordeal of kith and kin democracy, and their talent had to be impressed into the service of exposing the folly of the reactionaries promoting the return to mediaeval civilization in proscribing the citizenship of the Negroes." It is, therefore, particularly noteworthy that Mr. Woodson himself is an historian writing about the Negro rather than a Negro writing a history to portray the abuses and defend the capability of his race. In his preface the author states that his purpose was to "present to the average reader in succinct form the history of the United States as it has been influenced by the presence of the Negro," and to supply the need of schools long since desiring such a work in handy form. That purpose he has most adequately fulfilled, and has produced a scholarly and a valuable book.

Heretofore in the textbooks of United States History the Negro has been given but one cue for a prolonged appearance on the stage of national events—when the author had come to the portrayal of the crisis of 1850. From then for twenty-five years or more he played an important rôle, but his fading out of politics, when the South had completed his disfranchisement, meant his exit from the footlights. Though he had before 1850, and has since 1890, frequently made known his presence in the wings, the historian has not noted it. So in reading Mr. Woodson's book it is as though we were viewing an historical pageant on the Hippodrome's revolving stage; on one side we see the old accustomed march of events from the Mayflower to the Harding administration, with a Negro, backstage, in chains during the early scenes, and a Negro, backstage, free of his chains in the latter. Reverse the stage. Here is the Negro up centre enacting a drama within a drama, reaching his own climaxes, arriving at his own dénouement. Here his racial life does not begin with his descent from the first slave ship in 1619; he, too, had a cultural past—in Ethiopia and Egypt, in Ghana and Timbuctu and the Songhay.

In the twelve chapters devoted to discussion of slavery, one sees more than a semi-nude figure in chains. One sees the gradual growth of the institution from that early patriarchal system which made a poet out of an African girl in Boston, to the economic system of the nineteenth century which made a chattel out of a man in Louisiana. Mr. Woodson tells the story coolly, exhaustively, with a fine interweaving of the altruistic feeling working against the practice and the economic necessity working for it, until the two, clashing, forced the question to the plane of politics and the Civil War. Now, in centre stage, we see that step-child of slavery, the Free Negro—there were 488,070 of his kind in 1860—his presence resented because of its effect on slavery in the South, and resented because of its effect on white labor in the North, where in many cities it caused riots similar to those of the past few years. One has a close view of the movement for colonization, begun by the Quakers in behalf of the Free Negroes in 1713, which has been continually agitated, though with more or less protest from a large body of Negroes, to the present day.

When he comes to the much debated subject of the Reconstruction, Mr. Woodson maintains his admirable balance, and gives as fair an estimate of the situation as can be given in so short a space. If he tips the historical scales at all it is only in his emphasis on the character and ability of most of the Negro office-holders in the Carpet Bagger régime.

Miss Johnson's The Negro Problem is valuable chiefly for its bibliography. The volume could have been made more useful both for the debater and the general reader if the compiler had made fewer, and more complete, selections. In the purely scientific articles the kernels are all that one wants, but in the more literary ones, where the author's style and treatment count materially in making his point, one resents the too frequent use of the scissors. The article on The Psychology of the Negro from The Archives of Psychology is an example of easy generalization from a few psychological tests so popular with the "superior Anglo-Saxon" enthusiasts, and is worthless to the student. The extracts from Dr. Charles Breckenridge Wilner's address before the Conference on Southern Problems, on the other hand, are valuable because of the author's blending of impartial ethnological information with an every-day knowledge of the Negro. The group of articles on lynching, besides having particular current interest, contain facts and figures the sociologist needs to have at hand, as do those on Negro Education and The Negro in Industry.

Dr. Haynes's book, The Trend of the Races, should be read widely, not only by those who think that the Church is the natural mediator for the races, but by laymen who are interested in knowing more about the American Negro, his achievements in the past and his bent in the future. Dr. Haynes, who is secretary of The Church and Race Relations of the Federal Council of Churches, has worked out a practical approach to the racial complication by which any Mission Study class in Biloxi, Mississippi, or Montclair, New Jersey, can organize a profitable interracial committee. Dr. Haynes's vigorous and lucid style, his accurate knowledge of the nuances of feeling among white people, both North and South, toward the Negro, and his profound knowledge of the Negro and the Negro's reactions toward white overtures for cooperation, make this book invaluable for the work it is designed to promote.

Mrs. Hammond's book, containing brief biographies of twelve successful Negroes, is without interest for the general reader, though one can see wherein it might be a useful companion for Dr. Haynes's book in those communities where the only knowledge of the Negro comes in—with him—through the back door. Mrs. Hammond's style, though a bit too saccharine here and reminiscent of Horatio Alger there, is entertaining; and her introduction, in which she parallels the barbaric Negro with the barbaric Anglo-Saxon of a few centuries ago, is exceedingly clever in its adaptation to her audience.

WORTH TUTTLE.

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THE TRUE NATURE OF THE IRISH TRAGEDY

"But those who read Mr. Corkery's book—and English people should certainly do so—will get some glimmering of them, and of the true nature of the Irish tragedy, which is much less a physical affair, much less a matter of rebellion and repression, of assassination and retaliation, than a tragedy of the soul."—Truth (London).

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ARTISTIC PRESENTATION OF A PASSIONATE HUMAN STRUGGLE

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Coal for Christians

The Coming of Coal, by Robert W. Bruère. New York: The Association Press. $1.00.

THIS book is written for the layman—preferably the Christian layman. It was prepared for the Educational Committee of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. It is popular, plain, readable. It is even poetic. It tells the story of coal in modern civilization. It tells the story well. All the highlights are revealed: the geology of coal, the technology of coal, coal waste, the economics of coal, the work of the Fuel Administration during the war, the life of the miner, the development of unionism in the mining fields, the need—the very great and urgent need—for a continuous fact-finding agency for the industry, as a basis for ultimately treating coal as a great national public service. In brief it is difficult to see how the Christian layman could be more effectively introduced to coal, from a broad social point of view, than by this little book.

If Christian laymen will only read it. Will they? If they do, Mr. Bruère has created, I think, an almost classical approach to an understanding treatment of an industry. But if they do not—if it is to be the old, old story of the wrong people reading the right book—if only those of us read it who are perpetually lean and hungry for straight facts about any major industry from the point of view of the Great Society, then, I am afraid, the Coming of Coal will prove a little disappointing. We shall prefer more facts and less sweetness and light. We shall resent that gray, puzzled-looking Christian layman disputing with us the pages of this book. We shall recall that straightforward, penetrating analysis which Jevons once wrote about the coming of coal to Great Britain, and we shall realize, with the ghost of a sigh, that the job still remains to be done for America.

STUART CHASE.

Books of the Month

The Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt
by *Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.* (Knopf; $5.00)

The Wreck of Europe
by *Francesco Nitti.* (Bobbs-Merrill; $2.50)

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by *Henry Morgenthau.* (Doubleday; $4.00)

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The Letters of James Gibbons Huneker
edited by *Josephine Huneker.* (Scribners; $3.50)

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by *Morris Schaff.* (Luce; $3.00)

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by *John Galsworthy.* (Scribners; $1.00)

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by *John Dos Passos.* (Doran; $1.50)

Wild Earth (Verse)
by *Padraic Colum.* (Macmillan; 75 cents)

Singing Captives
by *E. B. C. Jones.* (Boni & Liveright; $2.00)

Old Crow
by *Alice Brown.* (Macmillan; $2.00)

The Bright Shawl
by *Joseph Hergesheimer.* (Knopf; $2.00)

The Things We Are
by *John Middleton Murry.* (Dutton; $2.50)

The Three Lovers
by *Frank Swinnerton.* (Doran; $2.50)

Millions
by *Ernest Poole.* (Macmillan; $1.75)

The Unlit Lamp
by *Elizabeth Sanxay Holding.* (Dutton; $2.00)

Contributors

JOHN W. OWENS has for a number of years been a political reporter on the staff of the Baltimore Sun. During the Harding administration he has been attached to the Sun's Washington Bureau.

GIUSEPPE PREZZOLINI, founder of Leonardo and the Voce, and the author of many volumes of literary and political criticism, is best known in this country for his informative articles on contemporary Italy.

ERIC WALROND is associate editor of the Negro World, the weekly publication of the Universal Negro Improvement Association and African Communities League.

WALTER LIPPMANN, formerly an editor of the New Republic, is now on the editorial staff of the New York World. He is the author of A Preface to Politics, Liberty and the News, and Public Opinion.

ROBERT GRAVES is an English poet, three of whose volumes of verse: Fairies and Fusiliers, Country Sentiment, and Pier Glass, and one book of criticism, On English Poetry, have been brought out in this country by Alfred Knopf.

SAMUEL C. CHEW is a professor of English at Bryn Mawr College. He is the author of Thomas Hardy, Poet and Novelist.

WORTH TUTTLE is a native North Carolinian who has taught in a Southern missionary school. She has contributed articles to The World Tomorrow and The Freeman.

STUART CHASE is a graduate of Harvard College, 1910. He served as expert accountant for the Federal Trade Commission in the investigation of the meat packers in 1919. He is now with the Labor Bureau in New York.

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